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ART. I.—THE THEORIES OF CHRISTIAN
SALVATION.

1. *The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation.* By an American Citizen. London.
2. *Salvation.* A Sermon by John Cumming, D.D. London.

THE conceptions and fore-feelings of immortality which men have entertained, have generally been accompanied by a sense of uncertainty in regard to the nature of that inheritance; by a perception of contingent conditions, yielding a two-fold fate of bliss and woe, poised on the perilous hinge of circumstance or freedom. Almost as often and profoundly, indeed, as man has thought that he should live hereafter, that idea has been followed by the belief, that if, on the one hand, salvation gleamed for him in the possible sky, on the other hand perdition yawned for him in the probable abyss. Few questions are more interesting, as none can be more important, than that inquiry which is about the Salvation of the Soul. The inherent reach of this inquiry, and the extent of its philosophical and literary history, are great. But, by arranging the various principal schemes of salvation which Christian teachers have presented for popular acceptance, from time to time, under certain heads, and passing them before the mind in order, and in mutually contrasting lights, we can very much narrow the time and space required to exhibit them. It only remains to premise that, while the word

Salvation—and the same may be said of its kindred and opposite terms—is used, both in the Scriptures and in common speech, in several different senses, now signifying a deliverance from physical infirmity, such as lameness or blindness, then meaning a rescue from outward danger or impending calamity, again meaning the redemption of a person from the bondage and wretchedness of unbelief and sin to the freedom and joy of faith and righteousness, but is prevailingly used to signify the deliverance of the soul from its exposure to misery in another world and the securing of its eternal happiness—the last-named use of the term is the one to which our attention is to be called. That is to say, when the word Salvation occurs in the following investigation, it means—unless something different be expressly shown by the context—the removal of the soul's doom to misery beyond the grave, that is, its rescue from hell, and the assurance of its destination to future blessedness, that is, its entrance into heaven. Heaven and hell are terms employed with wide latitude and fluctuating boundaries of literal and figurative meaning; but their naked, essential force is simply a future life of wretchedness, a future life of joy; and salvation, in its prevailing theological sense, is the avoidance of that and the gaining of this. So much will suffice to open the way for the unfolding of those views and the examination of that subject to which we now proceed. We shall not attempt to present the different theories of redemption in their historical order of development, or to give an exhaustive account of their diversified prevalence, but shall arrange them with reference to the most convenient and perspicuous exhibition of their logical contents, order of thought, and practical bearings.

The *first* scheme of Salvation to be noticed is the one by which it is represented that the interference and suffering of Christ, in itself, unconditionally saved all souls and emptied hell for ever. This theory arose in the minds of those who had received it as the natural and the only consistent completion of the view they held concerning the nature and consequences of the fall of Adam, the cause and extent of the lost state of man. Adam, as the federal head of humanity, represented and acted for his whole race; the responsibility of his decision rested, the conse-

quences of his conduct would legitimately descend, it was thought, upon all mankind. If he had kept himself obedient through that easy yet tremendous probation in Eden, he and all his children would have lived on earth eternally in perfect bliss. But violating the direct commandment of God, the dire burden of sin, with its terrible penalty, fell on him and his whole posterity for ever. Every human being was henceforth to be utterly alien from the love of goodness and from the favour of God, hopelessly condemned to death and the everlasting pains of hell. The sin of Adam, it was believed, thoroughly corrupted the nature of man and incapacitated him from all successful efforts to save his soul from its awful doom. The infinite majesty of God's will, the law of the universe, had been insulted and broken by sin. The only just retribution was the suffering of an endless death. The adamant sanctities, the fatal necessities of God's government, made forgiveness impossible. Thus all men were lost, to be the prey of blackness and fire and the undying worm, through the remediless ages of eternity. Just then God had pity on the souls he had made, and himself came to the rescue. In the person of Christ He came into the world as a man, and freely took upon himself the infinite debt of man's sins, by his death on the cross expiated all offences, satisfied the claims of offended justice, vindicated the inexpressible sacredness of the law, and, at the same time, opened a way by which a full and free reconciliation was extended to all. When the blood of Jesus flowed over the cross it purchased the ransom of every sinner: as Jerome says, "it quenched the flaming sword at the entrance of Paradise." The weary multitude of captives rose from their fiery beds of torture, shook off the fetters and stains of the pit, and made the cope of heaven snowy with their white-winged ascent. That prison-house of the devil and his angels should be used no more to confine the guilty souls of men. Their guilt was all washed away in the blood of the Lamb. Their spirits, without exception, should follow to the right hand of the Father, in the way marked out by the ascending Redeemer. This is the first form of Universalism, the form in which it was held by several of the Fathers, in the earlier ages of the Church, and by the pioneers of that doctrine in modern times. St.

Cyril says, "Christ went *into* the under world *alone*, but came *out* with a *huge host*, leaving the devil there utterly alone." It is a necessary result of a consistent development of the creed of the Orthodox Church, so called. By the sin of one, even Adam, through the working of absolute justice, hell became the portion of all, irrespective of any fault or virtue of theirs; so, by the voluntary sacrifice, the infinite atonement of one, even Christ, through the unspeakable mercy of God, salvation was effected for all, irrespective of any virtue or fault of theirs. One member of the scheme is the exact counterpoise of the other; one doctrine cries out for and necessitates the other. Those who accept the commonly-received dogmas of original sin, total depravity, and universal condemnation entailed upon all men in lineal descent from Adam, and the dogmas of the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Vicarious Atonement, are bound by all the constructions of logic, and all the claims of consistency also, to accept the scheme of salvation just set forth; namely, that the death of Christ secured the deliverance of all, unconditionally. We ourselves do not believe that doctrine, only because we do not believe the other associated doctrines out of which it springs, and of whose system it is the complement. The reasons why we do not believe that our race fell into utter and self-helpless depravity and ruin in the sin of the first man are, in essence, briefly these: First, we have never been able to perceive any proof whatever of the truth of that dogma; and, certainly, the *onus probandi* rests on the side of such an assumption. It arose partially from a misinterpretation of the language of the Bible; and so far as it has a basis in Scripture, it was a Jewish adoption of a Pagan error, and has no authority. Secondly, this doctrinal system is equally irreconcilable with history and with ethics,—it tramples on the surest convictions of reason and conscience, and spurns the clearest principles of nature and religion; it blackens and loads the heart and doom of man with a mountain of gratuitous horror, and shrouds the face and throne of God in a pall of unmitigated barbarity. How can men be guilty of the sin committed thousands of years before they were born, and deserve to be sent to hopeless hell for it? What justice is there in putting on one sinless head the demerits of a world of reprobates, and then

letting the criminal go free because the innocent has suffered?

The *second* great doctrine of Salvation is a modification and limitation of the previous one. This theory, like the former, presupposes that a burden of original sin and natural depravity transmitted from the first man had doomed, and, unless prevented in some supernatural manner, would for ever press all souls down to the realms of ruin and woe: also that an infinite graciousness in the bosom of the Godhead led Christ to offer himself as an expiation for the sins, an atoning substitute for the condemnation, of men. But, according to the present view, this interference of Christ did not by itself save the lost, it only removed the otherwise insuperable bar to forgiveness, and presented to a chosen portion of mankind the means of experiencing a condition upon the realisation of which, in each individual case, the certainty of Salvation depends. That condition is a mysterious conversion, stirring the depths of the soul through an inspired faith in personal election by the independent and unchanging decree of God. The difference then, in a word, between the two methods of Salvation thus far explained is this: While both assume that mankind are doomed to death and hell, in consequence of the sin of Adam, the one asserts that the interference of Christ of itself saved all souls, the other asserts that that interference cannot save any soul except those whom God, of his sovereign pleasure, had from eternity arbitrarily elected to salvation. This scheme grew directly out of the dogma of fatalism which sinks human freedom in divine predestination. God having solely of his own will fore-ordained that a certain number of mankind should be saved, Christ died in order to pay the penalty of their sins and render it possible for them to be forgiven and taken into Heaven without violating the awful bond of justice. The benefits of the atonement, therefore, are limited to the Elect. Nor is this to be regarded as an act of severity; on the contrary, it is an act of unspeakable benevolence. For by the sin of Adam the whole race of men, without exception, were totally depraved, made hateful to God, and justly sentenced to unmitigated and eternal damnation. When, consequently, he devised a plan of

redemption by which he could himself bear the guilt and suffer the agony, and pay the debt of a few, and thus ransom them from their doom, the reprobates who were left had no right to complain, but the chosen were a monument of disinterested and infinite love; because all alike deserved the endless tortures of hell. According to this conception, all men being by their ancestral act and inherited nature irretrievably lost, God's arbitrary pleasure was the cause, Christ's voluntary vicarious death was the means, by which a certain number were to be saved. Who the individuals composing this portion of the race should be, was determined from eternity beyond all contingencies. The only condition, therefore, upon which any man can be saved, is that he is one of those originally predestined to salvation. All the rest are hopelessly lost, can do nothing whatever to rescue themselves. The effect of faith and conversion, and the new birth, is simply to convince the soul that it is saved, not of itself to save it. That is to say, a regenerating belief and love is not the efficient *cause*, but is the revealed *assurance* of salvation, proving to the soul that feels it, by the testimony of the Holy Spirit, that it is of the chosen number. That is to say again, the experience of a justifying faith is not offered to all, but is confined to the Elect. The preaching of the Gospel is to be extended everywhere, not for the purpose of saving those who would otherwise be lost, but because its presentation will awaken in the Elect, and in them alone, that responsive experience which will reveal their election to them, and make them sure of it, already foretasting it;—though it is thought no one can be saved who is ignorant of the Gospel. It is mysteriously ordered that the terms of the covenant *shall be* preached to all the Elect. There are correlated complexities, miracles, absurdities, inwrought with the whole theory, inseparable from it. The violence it does to nature, to thought, to love, to morals, its arbitrariness, its mechanical form, the wrenching exegesis by which alone it can be forced from the Bible, its horrible partiality and eternal cruelty, are its sufficient refutation and condemnation.

The *third* general plan of Salvation we are to consider, differs in several essential particulars from the foregoing

one. It affirms the free will of man in opposition to a fatal predestination. It declares that the atonement is sufficient to redeem not only a portion of our race, but all who will put themselves in right spiritual relations with it. In a word, while it admits that some will actually be lost for ever, it asserts that no one is helplessly *doomed* to be lost, but that the offer of pardon is made to every soul, and that every one has power to accept or reject it. The sacrifice of the incarnate Deity vindicated the majesty of the law, appeased the wrath of God, and purchased his saving favour towards all who, by a sound and earnest faith, seize the proffered justification, throw off all reliance on their own works, and present themselves before the throne of mercy, clothed in the righteousness and sprinkled with the blood of Christ. Here the appropriation of the merits of Christ, through an orthodox and vivifying faith, is the real cause as well as the experimental assurance of salvation. This is free to all. The only conditions that are requisite it is in every man's power to fulfil. As the brazen serpent was hoisted in the wilderness, and the scorpion-bitten Israelites invited to look on it and be healed ; so the crucified God is lifted up, and all men, everywhere, urged to kneel before him, accept his atonement, and thus enable his righteousness to be imputed to them, and their souls to be saved. Every one who will, may believe and be redeemed ; but a great many will not, and so must be sent to never-ending pains. The vital condition of salvation, reduced to the simplest terms, is an appropriating faith in the vicarious atonement. All other crimes, though stained through with midnight dyes, and heaped up to all the brim of outrageous guilt, may be freely forgiven to him who comes heartily to credit the vicarious death of the Saviour ; but he who does not trust in that, though virtuous and gifted as man can be, must depart into the unappeasable fires of the fatal judgment. " Why this unintelligible crime of *not seeing* the atonement happens to be the only sin for which there is no atonement, it is impossible to say." Though this view of the method, extent, and conditions of redemption is less revolting and incredible than the other, still it does not seem to us that any person, whose mental and moral nature is unprejudiced, healthy, and

enlightened, and who will patiently study the subject, can possibly accept either of them. The leading assumed doctrines common to them, out of which they severally spring, and on which they both rest, are not only unsupported by adequate proofs, but really have no evidence at all, and are absurd in themselves, confounding the broadest distinctions in morals, and subverting the best established principles of natural religion.

The *fourth* scheme of Salvation is that which predicates the power of insuring souls from hell, solely of the Church. This is the Sacramental theory. It is assumed that in the state of nature subsequent to the transgression and fall of Adam all men are alienated from God, and by their universal original sin universally exposed to damnation; indeed, the helpless victims of eternal banishment and misery. In the fulness of time Christ appeared, and offered himself to suffer in their stead to secure their deliverance. His death cancelled the whole sum of *original sin*, and *only that*, thus taking away the absolute impossibility of salvation, and leaving every man in the world free to stand or fall, incur hell or win heaven, by his personal merits. From that time any person who lived a perfectly holy life—which no man could find practically possible—thereby secured eternal blessedness; but the moment he fell into a single sin, however trivial, he sealed his condemnation; Christ's sacrifice, as was just said, merely removed the transmitted burden of original sin from all mankind, but made no provision for their personal sins, so that, practically, all men being voluntary as well as hereditary sinners, their condition was as bad as before; they were surely lost. To meet this state of the case, the Church, whose priests, it is claimed, are the representatives of Christ, and whose head, the vicegerent of God on earth, was empowered by the celebration of the *mass* to re-enact, as often as it pleased, the tragedy of the crucifixion. In this service, Christ is supposed literally to be put to death afresh, and the merit of his substitutional sufferings is supposed to be set down to the account of the Church. Furthermore, saints and martyrs, by their constant self-denial, voluntary sufferings, penances, and prayers, like Christ, do more good works than are necessary for their own salvation, and the balance of merit—the works of

supererogation—is likewise accredited to the Church. In this way a great reserved fund of merits is placed at the disposal of the priests. At their pleasure they can draw upon this vicarious treasure, and substitute it in place of the deserved penalties of the guilty, and thus absolve them, and effect the salvation of their souls. All this dread machinery is in the sole power of the Church. Outside of her pale, heretics, heathen, all alike are unalterably doomed to hell. But whoso will acknowledge her authority, confess his sins, receive the sacrament of baptism, partake of the Eucharist, obey the priests, shall be infallibly saved. The Church declares that those who neglect to submit to her power and observe her rites are lost, by excommunicating such every year just before Easter, thereby typifying that they shall have no part in the resurrection and ascension. The Scheme of Salvation we have just exhibited we reject as alike unwarranted by the Scriptures, absurd to reason, absurd to conscience, fraught with evil practices, and traceable in uninspired history through the gradual and corrupt growths of a selfish and dogmatic priesthood. There is not one text in the Bible which affords argument, credit, or countenance to the haughty pretensions of a Church to retain or absolve guilt, to have the exclusive control of the tangible keys of heaven and hell. It is incredible to a free and intelligent mind that the opposing fates for ever of hundreds of millions of men should turn on a mere accident of time and place, or at best on the moral contingency of their acknowledging or denying the mysterious and most doubtful authority of a tyrannical hierarchy; a mere matter of form and profession, independent of their lives and characters, and of no spiritual worth at all. It is also a shocking insult to common sense, and to all proper appreciation of spiritual realities, to imagine the gross mechanical transference of blame and merit mutually between the bad and the good; as if moral qualities were not personal, but might be shifted about at will by pecuniary considerations, as the accounts in the debt and credit columns of a ledger. The theoretic falsities of such a scheme are as numerous and evident as its practical abuses have been enormous and notorious. We hesitate not to stake the argument on one question. If

there be no salvation save by believing and accepting the Sacraments with the authority of the Roman Catholic, or the English Episcopal Church, then less than one in five hundred of the world's population can be saved. Death steadily showers into hell, age after age, an overwhelming proportion of the souls of all mankind—a rain-storm of agonised drops of immortality to feed and freshen the quenchless fires of damnation. Who can believe it, knowing what it is that he believes?

We advance *next* in order to a System of Salvation as remarkable for its simplicity, boldness, and instinctive benevolence as those we have previously examined are for complexity, unnaturalness, and severity. The theory referred to promises the natural and inevitable salvation of every created soul. It bases itself on two positions, the denial that men are ever lost, except partially and temporarily,—and the exhibition of the irresistible power, perfect wisdom, and infinite goodness of God. The advocates of this doctrine point first to observation and experience, and declare that no person is totally reprobate,—that every one is salvable: those most corrupt and abandoned to wickedness, unbelief, and hardness, have yet a spark that may be kindled, a fount that may be made to gush, unto the illumination and purification of the whole being. A stray word, an unknown influence, a breath of the Spirit is continually effecting such changes, such salvations. True there are many fettered by vices, torn by sins, ploughed by the caustic shares of remorse, lost to peaceful freedom, lost to spiritual joys, lost to the sweet, calm, raptures of religious belief and love; and, in that sense, plunged in damnation. But this, they say, is the only hell there is. At the longest it can endure but for the night of this life; deliverance and blessedness come with the morning dawn of a better world. Exact retributions are awarded to all iniquity *here*; so that at the termination of the present state there is nothing to prevent the flowing of an equal bliss impartially over all. God's desires and intentions for his creatures, again they argue, must be purely gracious and blessed: for Nature, the Bible, and the Soul blend their ultimate teachings in one affirmation that He is Love. Being omnipotent and of perfect wisdom, nothing can withstand His decrees or thwart His plans.

His purpose, of course, must be fulfilled. There is everything to prove, and nothing rightly understood to disprove, that that purpose is the eternal blessedness of all his intelligent offspring after death. Therefore, they think they are justified in concluding, the laws of nature, God's regular habits and course of government, the normal arrangement and process of things, will, of themselves, work out the inevitable salvation of all mankind. After the uproar and darkness, the peril and fear, of a tempestuous night, the all-embracing smile of daylight gradually spreads over the world, and the turmoil silently subsides, and the scene sleeps. So after the sins and miseries, the condemnation and hell of this state of existence, shall succeed the redemption, the holiness, and happy peace of heaven, into which all pass by the order of nature, the original and undisturbed arrangement of the creative Father. Such is the proper doctrine of the Universalist denomination. It will be noticed that by this view Salvation is an unlimited necessity, not a contingency; a boon thrown to all, and which no one has power to reject. This theory contains elements, it seems to us, both of truth and falsehood. It casts off gross mistakes, pronounces some fundamental realities; overlooks, perverts, exaggerates, some essential facts in the case. There is so much in it that is grateful and beautiful that we cannot wonder at its reception where the tender instincts of the heart are stronger than the stern decisions of the conscience, where the kindly sentiments usurp the province of the critical reason, and sit in judgment upon evidence for the construction of a dogmatic creed. We cannot accept it as a whole, cannot admit its great unqualified conclusion, because there is no adequate proof of it, no direct evidence for it, but many potent presumptions against it. It is not built upon the facts of our consciousness and present experience, but is resolutely constructed in the face and defiance of them by an entirely arbitrary process of assumption and inference; for since God's perfections are as absolute now as they ever can be, and he now permits sin and misery, there is no *impossibility* that they may as well be permitted hereafter. If they are necessary now, they may be necessary hereafter. A forcing of salvation upon all, regardless of what they

do or what they leave undone, would also defeat what we have always considered the chief final cause of man, namely, the self-determined resistance of Evil and choice of Good, the free formation of noble virtuous character. The plan of a necessary and indiscriminate redemption likewise breaks the evident continuity of life, ignores the lineal causative power of experience, whereby each moment partially produces and moulds the next, destroys the probationary nature of our lot, and palsies the strength of moral motive. It is furthermore the height of injustice, awarding to all men the same condition, remorselessly and iniquitously swallowing up their infinite differences, making sin and virtue, sloth and toil, exactly alike in the end. Whoso earnestly embraces the theory, and meditates much upon it, and reasons consequentially, will become an Antinomian. It overlooks the loud and omnipresent hints which tell us that the present state is incomplete and dependent, the part of a great whole, the visible segment of a circle whose complement overarches the invisible world to come where future correspondences and fulnesses will satisfy and complete present claims and deficiencies. We reject this scheme as to its distinctive feature for all those reasons which lead us to accept that final view to which we now turn in close.

The theory of Redemption, which seems to us real and correct, represents the good and evil forces of personal character, harmonious or discordant with the mind of God, as the conditions of salvation or reprobation. According as the realities of the soul are what they should be, just and pure, or what they should not be, perverted and corrupt, and according as the realities of the soul are in right relations with truth, beauty, goodness, or in vitiated relations with them, so, and to that extent, is the soul saved or lost. This is not a matter of arbitrary determination on one hand, and of helpless submission on the other: it is a matter of Divine permission on one hand, and of free though sometimes unintelligent and mistaken choice on the other. The only perdition is to be out of tune with the right constitution and exercise of things and rules. That, of itself, makes a man the victim of guilt and wretchedness. The only salvation is the restoration of the balance and normal efficiency of the

faculties, the restoration of their harmony with the moral law, the recommencement of their action in unison with the will of God. When a soul through its exposures and freedom becomes and experiences what God did not intend and is not pleased with, what his creative and executive arrangements are not purposely ordered for, it is for the time being, and so far forth, lost. It is saved when knowledge of truth illuminates the mind; love of goodness warms the heart; energy, purity, aspiration, fill and animate the whole being. Then, having realised in its experience the purposes of Christ's mission, the original aims of its existence, it rejoices in the all-sufficient favour of God. In the harmonious mingling fruitions of its internal efficiencies and external relations, all things work together for good unto it, and it basks in the beams of the Sun of immortality. Perdition and hell are the condemnation and misery instantaneously deposited in experience whenever and wherever a perverted and corrupt soul touches its relations with the universe. The meeting of its consciousness with the alienated mournful faces of things, with the hostile retributive forces of things, produces unrest and suffering with the same natural necessity that the meeting of certain chemical substances deposits poison and bitterness. Perdition being the degradation and wretchedness of the soul through ingrained falsehood, vice, impurity, and hardness; Salvation is the casting out of these evils, replacing them with truth, righteousness, a holy and sensitive life. To ransom from hell and translate to heaven is not, then, so much to deliver from a local dungeon of growing fires and worms, and bear to a local paradise of bland luxuries, as it is to heal diseases and restore health. Hell is a diseased condition of the soul, its indwelling wretchedness and retribution, wherever it may be, as when the light of day tortures a sick eye. Heaven is a right healthy condition of the soul, its indwelling integrity and concord, in whatever realms it may reside, as when the sunshine bathes the healthy orb of vision with entrancing delight. Salvation is nothing more nor less than the harmonious blessedness of the soul by the fruition of all its right powers and relations. Remove a man who is writhing in the agonies of some physical disease from his

desolate hut on the bleak mountain-side, to a gorgeous palace in a delicious tropical clime. He is just as badly off as before. He is still, so to speak, in hell, wherever he may be in location. Cure his sickness, and then he is, so to speak, saved in heaven. It is so with the soul. The conditions of salvation and reprobation are not arbitrary, mechanical, fickle, but are the interior and unalterable laws of the soul, and of the universe. If there are, as perhaps there may be, two entirely separate regions in space, whose respective boundaries enclose hell and heaven, banishment into the one, or admission into the other, evidently is not what constitutes the essence of perdition or of salvation, is not the all-important consideration; but the characteristic condition of the soul, which *produces* its experience and *decides* its destination, *that* is the essential thing. The good or evil character, forces, and working of the soul draw it into heaven or hell by the spiritual laws of being with the same irresistible certainty and precision that gravitation makes every substance lighter than the air rise, and every heavier substance sink. The mild fanning of a zephyr in a summer evening is intolerable to a person in the convulsions of the ague, but most welcome and delightful to others. So to a wicked soul, all objects, operations, and influences of the moral creation become hostile and retributive, making a hell of the whole universe. Purify the soul, restore it to a correct and religious condition, and everything is transfigured, the universal hell becomes universal heaven.

We may here gather up and state in a few brief propositions the leading principles of this theory of Salvation. First; perdition is not an experience to which souls are helplessly born, not a sentence inflicted on them by an arbitrary decree, but is a result wrought out by free agency, in conformity to the unalterable laws of the spiritual world. Secondly; heaven and hell are not essentially any particular localities into which spirits are thrust, nor states of consciousness produced by outward circumstances, but are an outward reflection from, and a reciprocal action upon, internal character. Thirdly; condemnation, or justification, is not absolute and complete, equalising all on each side of a given line, but is a thing of degrees,

not exactly the same in any two individuals, or in the same person at all times. Fourthly; we have no reason to suppose that probation closes with the closing of the present life, but every relevant consideration leads us to conclude that the same great constitution of laws pervades all worlds and reigns throughout eternity, so that the fate of souls is not unchangeably fixed at death. No analogy indicates that after death all will be thoroughly different from what it is before death. Rather do all analogies argue that the hell and heaven of the future will be the aggravation, or mitigation, or continuation of the perdition and salvation of the present. It is altogether a sentence of exact right according to character, a matter of personal achievement depending upon freedom, an experience of inward elements and states, a thing of degrees, and a subject of continued probation.

The awful inviolability of justice is shown by the inflexible eternal course of God's laws bringing the exactly deserved and unavoidable penalty upon every soul that sinneth. Whoever breaks a Divine decree puts all sacred things in antagonism to him, and the precise punishment of his offences not the worth of worlds nor the blood of angels can avert. The boundless mercy of God, his atoning love, is shown by the absence of all vindictiveness from his judgments, their restorative reconciling aim and tendency. Whenever the sinner repents, reforms, puts himself in a right attitude, God is waiting to pardon and bless him, the sun shines and the happy heart is glad as at the first, the cloudy screen of sin and fear and retributive alienation being removed. This view, when appreciated, affords as impressive a sanction to law, and as affecting an exhibition of love, as are theoretically ascribed to the doctrine of Vicarious Atonement. The infinite sanctity of justice, and the fathomless love of God, are certainly much more plainly and satisfactorily shown by the inherently righteous nature and disinterestedly beneficent *operation* of the law than by its terrible *severity* and arbitrary *subversion*. According to the present view, the relation of Christ to human redemption is as simple and rational as it is divinely appointed and perfectly fulfilled. Accredited with miraculous seals, presenting the most pathetic and inspiring motives, he reveals the truths and exemplifies the

virtues which, when adopted, regenerate the springs of faith and character, rectify the lines of conduct, and change men from sinful and wretched to saintly and blessed. He stirs the stagnant soul, that man may replunge into his native self, and rise redeemed.

For the more distinct comprehension and remembrance of the Schemes of Salvation we have been considering, it may be well, in conclusion, to recapitulate them.

The *first* theory is this: When, by the fall of Adam, all men were utterly lost and doomed to hell for ever, the vicarious sufferings of Christ cancelled sin, and unconditionally purchased and saved all. This was the original development of Universalism. It sprang consistently from Calvinistic grounds. It was taught by a party in the Church of the first centuries, was afterwards repeatedly condemned as a heresy by Popes and by Councils, and was revived by Murray, Strong, and others. We are not aware that it now has any avowed disciples.

The *second* conception is, in substance, that God, foreseeing from eternity the fall of Adam and the consequent damnation of his posterity, arbitrarily elected and predestined a portion of them to Salvation, leaving the rest to their fate; and the vicarious sufferings of Christ were the only possible means of carrying that decree into effect. This is the Augustinian and the Calvinistic theology, and has had a very extensive prevalence among Christians. Many Church creeds still embody the doctrine, but, in its original, uncompromising form, it is rapidly fading from belief. Even now, few persons can be found to profess it without essential modifications, so qualifying it as to destroy its identity.

The *third* plan of delivering souls from the doom supposed to rest on them, without exception, attributes to the vicarious sufferings of Christ a conditional efficacy, depending upon personal faith. Every one who will heartily believe in the substitutional death of Christ, and trust in his atoning merits, shall thereby be saved. This was the system of Pelagius, Arminius, Luther. It prevails now in the so-called Evangelical Churches more generally than any other system.

The *fourth* received method of Salvation, assuming the same premises which the three foregoing schemes assume,

namely, that through the Fall all men are completely lost, eternally sentenced to hell, declares that, by Christ's vicarious sufferings, power is given to the Church, a priestly hierarchy, to save such as confess her authority, and observe her rites. All others must continue lost. This theory early began to be constructed and broached by the Fathers. It is held by the Roman Catholic Church, and by all the consistent portion of the Episcopalian. A part of the Baptist denomination also assert the indispensableness of ritual baptism to salvation.

The *fifth* view of the problem is that no soul is lost or doomed, except so far as it is personally voluntarily depraved and sinful. And even to that extent, and in that sense, it can be called lost only in the present life. Death emancipates every soul from every vestige of evil, and ushers it at once into heaven. This is distinctive modern Universalism, and is held by no other Christians. It is swiftly disappearing from among its recent earnest advocates, who, as a body, will undoubtedly soon exchange its inconsistent and arbitrary conceptions for more rational and defensible conclusions.

The *sixth* and final scheme of Salvation teaches that by the immutable laws the Creator established in and over his works and creatures, a free soul may choose good or evil, truth or falsehood, love or hate, beneficence or iniquity. Just so far and just so long as it partakes of the former it is saved; as it partakes of the latter it is lost; that is, alienates the favour of God, forfeits so much of the benefits of creation, and of the blessings of being. The conditions and means of repentance, reformation, regeneration, are always within its power, the future state being but the unincumbered, intensified, experience of the spiritual elements of the present, under the same divine constitution and laws. This is the belief of the Unitarians and Restorationists: and it is, as we think, coincident with pure Christianity and the truth of Nature.

Salvation by purchase, by the redeeming blood of Christ; Salvation by election, by the independent decree of God, sealed by the blood of Christ; Salvation by faith, by an appropriating faith in the blood of Christ; Salvation by the Church, by the sacraments made efficacious to that end by the blood of Christ; Salvation by nature, by the

irresistible working of the natural order of things, declared by the teachings of Christ; Salvation by character, by conformity of character to the spiritual laws of the universe, to the nature and will of God, revealed, urged, exemplified, by the *whole mission* of Christ;—these are the different theories proposed for the acceptance of Christians.

ART. II.—THE STONES OF VENICE.

The Stones of Venice. By John Ruskin. London. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.

IF Mr. Ruskin has been a severe master, the public has shown itself a well-conditioned pupil. Their first acquaintance was as the giver and receiver of wholesome chastisement. The public not only profited by the lesson so far as to learn to speak of Turner's paintings with decent respect, but acquired a genuine love for the teacher. Eloquent, eccentric, brilliant, despotic, in minor matters wayward,—like M. Paul Emanuel,—Mr. Ruskin could not fail to command admiration. A very Titian of language, we can call to mind no prose writer since Milton whom he does not surpass in the serious splendour of his style. It lies around his thoughts like a robe, whose folds and sweep are not less majestic than its materials and colours are rich. But the thoughts themselves are worthy of their stately apparel. What of paradox and whim they have is on the surface, while within they take fast and vital hold of the truth of nature. Nobleness and purity pervade them, not softly pleading or gently expostulating, or meekly aspiring, but clothed upon with a spirit of strength, and going forth conquering and to conquer. The poetry of life finds here not an exponent only, but a champion, with weight and impetus enough to make a real impression on the phalanx of the phlegmatic, the supercilious, and the worldly. Mr. Ruskin's ideas have too much moral weight to be despised. It would be inaccurate to call him a great philosopher, but his writings form an important contribution to philosophy. He fails in the analysis, elimination, and separate exhibition of principles, but he casts a broad light into the recesses of his subject which will make his writings most valuable to men of systematising minds who follow him. One great service he is doing ; he is one of those who are initiating an investigation into the nature, meaning, object, and right exercise of some of the noblest mental functions, in methods and from points of view con-

genial to the English mind. Believing, as we do, that many popular forms of faith and thought must pass away, and that Englishmen, unless they are to be delivered over to a desolating materialism, must learn to realise and grasp many conceptions which now repel them as cloudy abstractions, we cannot but consider the agency of such men as Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and Ruskin, who present subtle and profound thoughts in a form which no one can call or feel to be outlandish, as of high importance.

We extract from the second volume of "*Modern Painters*," a few passages fitly introducing the reader to the nature and scope of Mr. Ruskin's views of Art generally. Speaking of Art, he says:—

"To advance it men's lives must be given, and to receive it their hearts. '*Le peintre Rubens s'amuse à être ambassadeur,*' said one with whom, but for his own words, we might have thought that effort had been absorbed in power, and the labour of his art in its felicity. '*E faticoso lo studio della pittura, e sempre si fa il mare maggiore,*' said he who of all men was least likely to have left us discouraging report of anything that majesty of intellect could grasp, or continuity of labour overcome. But that this labour, the necessity of which in all ages has been most frankly admitted by the greatest men, is justifiable in a moral point of view, that it is not a vain devotion of the lives of men, that it has functions of usefulness addressed to the weightiest of human interests, and that the objects of it have calls upon us which it is inconsistent alike with our human dignity and our heavenward duty to disobey, has never been boldly asserted nor fairly admitted; least of all is it likely to be so in these days of dispatch and display, where vanity, on the one side, supplies the place of that love of art which is the only effective patronage; and, on the other, that of the incorruptible and earnest pride which no applause, no approbation, can blind to its shortcomings, or beguile of its hope. And yet it is in the expectation of obtaining at least a partial acknowledgment of this, as a truth decisive both of aim and conduct, that I enter upon the second division of my subject."

The foundation of the argument for the importance of Art is thus stated:—

"That is to everything created pre-eminently useful which enables it rightly and fully to perform the functions appointed to it by its Creator. Therefore, that we may determine what is chiefly useful to man, it is necessary first to determine the use of man himself. Man's use and function (and let him who will not grant me this

follow me no further, for this I purpose always to assume) are to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.

"Whatever enables us to fulfil this function is, in the pure and first sense of the word, Useful to us: pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist, are, in a secondary and mean sense, useful; or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless, and worse, for it would be better that we should not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence."

This last idea is afterwards more fully developed, and the fundamental distinction between the pleasures of Art and the pleasures of Sense established, from the suicidal tendency of the indulgences of sense, which, when carried beyond the necessities of nature immediately tend to the destruction of the sources of their own pleasure; while the pursuit of Beauty, properly so called, even when yielded to in excess, as regards the harmony of all the faculties, nevertheless tends to ever-increasing keenness of perception and general perfectness of function in its own province.

The nature of the feeling of beauty is thus set forth:—

"It will now be understood why it was formerly said in the chapter respecting ideas of beauty, that those ideas were the subject of moral and not of intellectual, nor altogether of sensual, perception; and why I spoke of the pleasures connected with them as derived from 'those material sources which are agreeable to our moral nature in its purity and perfection.' For, as it is necessary to the existence of an idea of beauty that the sensual pleasure which may be its basis should be accompanied first with joy, then with love of the object, then with the perception of kindness in a superior intelligence, finally with thankfulness and veneration towards that intelligence itself; and, as no idea can be at all considered as in any way an idea of beauty until it be made up of these emotions, any more than we can be said to have an idea of a letter of which we perceive the perfume and the fair writing, without understanding the contents of it or intent of it; and as these emotions are in no way resultant from, nor attainable by, any operation of the Intellect; it is evident that the sensation of beauty is not sensual, on the one hand, nor is it intellectual on the other, but is dependent on a pure, right, and open state of the heart, both for its truth and for its intensity, inasmuch that even the right after-action of the Intellect upon facts of beauty so apprehended, is dependent on the acuteness of the heart-feeling about them."

It is not our purpose here to discuss the question, whether these latter propositions are to be accepted as anything like a strict analysis of the operations of the mind in respect of beauty. As such they certainly do not satisfy us, for we believe in the existence of a mere cold intellectual appreciation of beauty, which appears to be denied; at all events, no sufficient account is given of it. But we do not know that this is of much importance, as we fully admit the existence of the class of feelings alluded to by Mr. Ruskin, and the fact that they are the foundation of all that is most noble and elevating in the enjoyment of beauty in Art. We doubt whether they can be said to be inherent in the mind in the fully developed moral and theistic forms in which he states them, but that the height and the depth of beauty are then first and only felt when joy, tenderness, and reverence, mingle indistinguishably in the contemplation of it, together with a something further for which we have no name—a sense of the expression of a pervading Life above the human, into sympathy with which we are drawn—all this we heartily believe.

Nor can we do more than slightly notice the division of beauty into *typical* and *vital*, which runs through Mr. Ruskin's works. The word *typical* is applied to the beauty of abstract forms and colours, and is adopted because the author considers that their worth is in great measure due to their typifying of Divine attributes, and this not by association, but by inherent resemblance; while the soul cleaves to them, not reflectively, or by reason of their perceived analogy to the Divine, but instinctively, justifying its instinct by the subsequent discovery of typical properties. Vital beauty, the beauty of organisms, he considers mainly to consist in the perfect (and where perfect always in some sense felicitous) fulfilment of the functions of the individual, its generic perfection (or that perfectness of which the conception is attained by the process commonly known as *idealisation*), and its satisfaction of the moral judgment by the expression of moral qualities and affections. We think that in a strictly scientific analysis of the nature of beauty, the typical beauty (to adopt our author's nomenclature) should not be treated as co-ordinate with the vital. It is the only kind which can be safely said to be in its own nature independent of reasoning and association, and the

vital beauty, unless expressed in the forms of the typical, is rather metaphorically than literally to be called beauty at all. But for the purpose of the argument this is immaterial. The object is to prove the noble quality of the pleasure derived from the contemplation of works of Art, into which not only the vital beauty enters as the highest ingredient, but many other qualities, which are not called beauty even in common parlance, as, for instance, sublimity; and it seems to us that the second volume of *Modern Painters* would have been more satisfactory and complete if it had been professedly, as it is in fact, a vindication of the worth of Art in its composite and multiform appeals to human sympathies. The *Theoria*, or beholding faculty of the mind, is, by Mr. Ruskin's own statement, not necessarily confined to beauty proper, for, as he says, science may be Theoretically studied.

What the vindicator of Art has to establish is, that *Theoria* in itself is noble and worthy; that the fable is elevating, though its lesson be not extracted in the shape of an ethical proposition.

The author, no doubt, felt that the beauty of Art stood more in need of an apologist than its other qualities. "The use and value of passion as it breaks up the fountains of the great deep of the human mind, or displays its mightiness and ribbed majesty, as mountains are seen in their stability best among the coil of clouds," will be felt by the sternest. None will deem it ignoble to "wait through the hour of accusing beside the judgment-seat of Pilate, where all is unseen, unfelt, except the one figure that stands with its head bowed down, pale, like a pillar of moonlight, half bathed in the glory of the Godhead, half wrapped in the whiteness of the shroud." There is no fear lest any should think it a light matter that Tintoret, in his *Last Judgment*, shows us "the oceans of the earth and the waters of the firmament gathered into one white, ghastly cataract; the river of the wrath of God roaring down into the gulf where the world has melted with its fervent heat, choked with the ruin of nations, and the limbs of its corpses tossed out of its whirling, like water-wheels." Nor, where beauty and spirituality are visibly mingled, and mutually express each other, is there need of discussion or argument. So it is with "the angel choirs of Angelico,

with the flames on their white foreheads waving brighter as they move, and the sparkles streaming from their purple wings like the glitter of many suns upon a sounding sea, listening in the pauses of alternate song, for the prolonging of the trumpet blast, and the answering of psaltery and cymbal, throughout the endless deep, and from all the star shores of heaven." It is a chief object with Mr. Ruskin to show the moral and spiritual influences of Art where it is not concerned with the direct teachings of the countenance and of action. He evidently distrusts the power of man to render the visible lineaments of divine personalities with the oil and the clay of the painter, and devotes himself especially to set forth the expressive powers of colours and form, and the value of typical suggestions in material things.

Still directing our attention to the same volume, we follow the author from the qualities of works of Art to the consideration of the faculty which makes the great artist—Imagination; and we find a very complete, as well as profound and subtle discussion of the subject, the illustrations being drawn mostly from poetry. This part of the work, besides being otherwise admirable, is the very Elysian Fields of criticism, and the most exquisite unveiling and analysis of the beauties of poetry with which we are acquainted. We hardly know how to set limits to quotations, which would inlay our pages like the slabs of precious marble in the walls of a Venetian house. One of the two specimens which we shall allow ourselves relates to the following passages of Milton, and will give a good general insight into the author's manner of regarding the Imagination.

"On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

"Ten paces huge
He back recoiled; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstaid; as if on earth
Winds underground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines."

“While thus he spake the angelic squadron bright
Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With poised spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeless sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved :
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seemed both spear and shield.”

This is the commentary :—

“But on this indistinctness of conception, itself comparatively valueless and unaffecting, is based the operation of the Imaginative faculty with which we are at present concerned, and in which its glory is consummated; whereby, depriving the subject of material and bodily shape, and regarding such of its qualities only as it chooses for particular purpose, it forges these qualities together in such groups and forms as it desires, and gives to their abstract being consistency and reality, by striking them as it were with the die of an image belonging to other matter, which stroke having once received, they pass current at once in the peculiar conjunction and for the peculiar value desired.

“Thus, in the description of Satan quoted in the first chapter, ‘And like a comet burned,’ the bodily shape of the angel is destroyed, the inflaming of the formless spirit is alone regarded; and this, and his power of evil, associated in one fearful and abstract conception, are stamped to give them distinctness and permanence with the image of the comet, ‘That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge.’ Yet this could not be done, but that the image of the comet itself is in a measure indistinct, capable of awful expansion, and full of threatening and fear. Again, in his fall, the imagination gathers up the thunder, the resistance, the massy prostration, separates them from the external form, and binds them together by the help of that image of the mountain half sunk; which again would be unfit but for its own indistinctness, and for that glorious addition ‘with all his pines,’ whereby a vitality and spear-like hostility are communicated to its falling form; and the fall is marked as not utter subversion, but sinking only, the pines remaining in their uprightness and unity and threatening of darkness upon the descended precipice; and again, in that yet more

noble passage at the close of the fourth book, where almost every operation of the contemplative imagination is concentrated; the angelic squadron first gathered into one burning mass by the single expression 'sharpening in mooned horns,' then told out in their unity and multitude and stooped hostility, by the image of the wind upon the corn; Satan endowed with godlike strength and endurance in that mighty line, 'Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved,' with infinitude of size the next instant, and with all the vagueness and terribleness of spiritual power, by the 'Horror plumed,' and the '*what seemed both spear and shield.*'"

The following is a short summary of the account given of the Imagination. An inferior ancillary faculty, which may be called Fancy, furnishes to the mind a rapid succession of recollected images, and is especially alive to suggestions of external similarity. Any person by noticing and reasoning on the similarities and dissimilarities of the images in his mind, may produce a *composition*, laying different parts together, and adding and taking away, till his reasoning faculties and taste are satisfied by the combination. This is at once and for ever to be set aside as not in any way the work of Imagination. Mr. Ruskin selects for his instance of it, the description of the garden of Eden in the fourth book of "Paradise Lost," but we shall apprehend less likelihood of difference of opinion if we take Raphael's School of Athens. There it is impossible to say that any part is otherwise than natural in itself and well placed, or that the greatest judgment and taste are not manifested in the general arrangement. But withal, we have a sense that the painting might be taken to pieces like a dissected map, not without a certain degree of advantage to some of the groups. But there is a power by which a combination may be conceived, whereof every ingredient shall be in the strictest sense *complemental* to the rest, wherein no part shall be self-sufficing, making the rest of the work a mere addition to it, but where every part would lose by the subtraction of any one: in other words, an organic whole dependent on the harmony and correlation of the parts, which, not being separable, must show imperfection when separated, like severed limbs. "Now the conceivable imperfections," reasons the author, "of any single feature are infinite. It is impossible, there-

fore, to fix upon a form of imperfection in the one, and try with this all the forms of imperfection of the other until one fits ; but the two imperfections must be correlative and simultaneously conceived." It is where this mysterious creative faculty is exercised that we have Imagination instead of Composition, and Mr. Ruskin denominates it the Imagination Associative. That it is Creative no one will deny, and its mysteriousness consists in this, that "the artist's desire for an *unconceived whole*, prompts him to the selection of necessary divisions."

"The Imagination Penetrative" seems at first sight to be something different, and Mr. Ruskin evidently hesitates whether he shall treat it as itself a distinct faculty, or whether the Imagination Associative and the Imagination Penetrative are co-ordinate functions of one and the same faculty. It may be defined to be the intuitive conception of the innermost life of things, but as such definitions convey little without illustration by example, we offer no apology for making another extract.

"When Milton's Satan first 'rears from off the pool his mighty stature,' the image of leviathan before suggested not being yet abandoned, the effect on the fire-wave is described as of the upheaved monster on the ocean stream :

"On each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointed spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale."

And then follows a fiercely restless piece of volcanic imagery :

"As when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a sing'd bottom all involved
With stench and smoke : such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet."

"Yet I think all this is too far detailed, and deals too much with externals : we feel rather the form of the fire-waves than their fury, we walk upon them too securely, and the fuel, sublimation, smoke, and singeing seem to me images only of partial combustion ; they vary and extend the conception, but they lower the thermometer. Look back, if you will, and add to the description the glimmering of the livid flames ; the sulphurous hail and red lightning ; yet all

together, however they overwhelm us with horror, fail of making us thoroughly, unendurably *hot*. The essence of intense flame has not been given. Now hear Dante :

“ ‘ Feriamì 'l Sole in su l' omero destro,
Che già raggiando tutto l' Occidente
Mutava in bianco aspetto di cilestro,
Ed io facea con l' ombra più rovente
Parer la fiamma.’ ”

That is a slight touch ; he has not gone to Ætna or Pelorus for fuel ; but we shall not soon recover from it, he has taken our breath away and leaves us gasping. No smoke nor cinders there. Pure, white, hurtling, formless flame ; very fire crystal, we cannot make spires nor waves of it, nor divide it, nor walk on it ; there is no question about singeing soles of feet. It is lambent annihilation.”

What Mr. Ruskin calls “ the Imagination Contemplative,” he admits to be no more than an exercise of the imaginative faculty or faculties before referred to. Some of the instances which he gives are those three passages of “ *Paradise Lost*,” his commentary on which we have already extracted. It is sufficiently obvious that both the Penetrative and the Associative Imagination are concerned with them, the Penetrative in furnishing the immaterial conceptions, the Associative in creating the figurative body in which they are incarnated and presented. Nay, the Associative Imagination acts at a stage of the process precedent, even to these, in idea, though simultaneous in time, prompting the direction of the penetrative towards discoveries which will be capable of being struck with the die of the image, so that a truly organic representation may be obtained.

It would be a laborious process to follow up analytically the suggestions which Mr. Ruskin makes in this branch of his subject. We have given but a faint idea of the mine of thought and illustration which he has opened, but we have attempted roughly to indicate the ground he has passed over, because we doubt whether this branch of his researches is so well known as it ought to be. There is a want of clear, concise, and verbally consistent statement, which makes it difficult to follow the scientific thread of his reflections, and he has a habit of classifying without exhausting, and without taking care that the matters numbered one, two, and three, are

either individually distinct on the one hand, or members of the same whole on the other, which is rather annoying; not much less so because he so frequently warns us that this is the case that we wonder he has not avoided it, as in the case of the Contemplative Imagination. This produces a sense of dimness which it requires close attention to dispel. We can only here say that we think the two operations of the mind which he calls Imagination Associative and Imagination Penetrative are sufficiently akin to warrant his nomenclature. They are the obverse and reverse of one medal. The affinity of the soul with all life, the life of things as well as of sentient beings, is the condition underlying both. The discussion of each shows the essentially *truthful* character of Imagination, and its antagonism to the fantastic on the one side and to mere copyism on the other. The Penetrative discovers life intuitively, the Associative creates it spontaneously. The Associative gives a new manifestation to the pervading spirit of life, the Penetrative goes from the given manifestation (which itself may be the child of the brother impulse) to the informing spirit. To the one, Nature reveals souls, to the other she supplies bodies. She makes herself the servant of both while they act, that she may be seen to be the mistress of both in the *naturalness* of their products.

It is very necessary to bear in mind the ideas respecting Art which are developed in "Modern Painters," if we would enter into the grave and earnest spirit in which Architecture is treated in the author's subsequent works. Architecture, where it flourishes, is an embodiment of the life of the people. As the soul acts upon the body, clouding or firing the eye, giving heaviness or elasticity to the step, communicating its own depression to the drooping head, or a martial carriage to the helmet-crest, so the national life fashions its material habitations, and leaves its stamp on the lifeless clay and stone which it gathers together for its permanent uses. The life caught and crystallized in monumental forms reacts on the individuals who behold them, to raise, to dull, or to degrade. Religion adores, beauty attracts, power awes, pride repels, imbecility pretends, folly grins, and vice leers in the plastic marble, every block telling some passage in the

history of the past, and sending forth some voice into the future. The peculiarity of Architecture among the Fine Arts, and its essential glory, is, that it is the product of Imagination ruling those works which are universally admitted to be necessary to the daily life of men, and the workmanship of which must be done by common people. Imagination, no longer occupied on productions which are to be contemplated as if in a separate oratory, takes the mason's trowel, and sets to work to make whole cities temples of Christ, or of Mammon, or of Belial. What she loses in freedom by her compelled reference to the wants of the hour, she gains in variety, in breadth, and in the power of summoning the forces of nature and the associations of history to her aid. Within the circuit of the same edifice she can speak in the high-embowed roof, the cloud-capped tower, the colour that bathes the wall, the cavernous porch, the rough-hewn monsters that guard it, and the delicate leafage that garlands it. The tombs of the mighty dead give impressiveness to her work in the Church, and the sanctities of home endear the touches of her fingers on the dwelling. The blue sky is the field for her bolder outlines, and the sun draws harmonies innumerable from her hues as he sweeps across them, and gilds her shafts with his pure elemental gold.

Perhaps Mr. Ruskin's reflections on Art are in nothing more valuable than in this, that he always detects and enforces the necessity of cultivating that kind of expressiveness for which the material and the circumstances of the particular art are more especially fitted. Architecture ought, it is clear, to be full of expression in two directions, very much neglected in the present day. Being related to the whole cycle of the uses of life, and those uses being themselves related throughout to moral laws, we ought to trace in its works the feeling of the architect, not only in respect of the abstract forms of typical beauty employed, and the vital beauty of the vegetable and animal shapes that enter as decorations, but also in respect of the relation in sentiment of all these things to the uses for which the building is destined. Moreover, as the details of all buildings, and the whole design and detail of most buildings, must be the work of common men, there is ample opportunity for acquiring

that peculiar richness and fulness of embodied thought which is attained and only attained in the free work of a whole people, each man adding his mite of imagination to the general design of the work, and the national characteristics of the people being relied on to give unity.

The latter peculiarity is the one least understood and appreciated, but it is of the utmost importance. Painting and sculpture in some measure share it in the case of traditional types of portraiture. In heathen art the head of Homer, and the forms of the Grecian gods; in Christian art, the heads of Christ, the Virgin, Moses, and the Apostles, have reached the forms which mankind seem content to accept as the most perfect conceivable representations of those differing personalities, by the efforts of hundreds of artists in successive generations. We presume that the minds of the Handels, the Beethovens, the Mozarts, and the Mendelssohns have been to some extent fashioned to mastery by the breathings of precedent music, rising through many organs from its sources of popular melody. The framework of epic and ballad poetry, both Greek and Scandinavian, is a more marked instance of the same process, and the richness of the dramas of the Elizabethan age is largely due to the freedom with which popular legends and previous dramatic works were used by the authors of the time. But the most perfect and striking analogy to Architecture is that which is presented by Language itself. The Homers and the Dantes are not the creators of language, though they are often called so. Its creators were before them, and about them, in the field, and on the sea, and in the street. The words which they have put to such glorious use were made for them by the people. The delicate expressiveness of each, the minute shades of distinction between them, the feeling which has governed sound and accentuation, the hidden figurative meaning which is held in the hearts of the words and felt without being perceived, were there before the great poets took them. Opening Macaulay's Essays at random we light upon this seemingly prosaic passage: "The *aim* of Steele does not seem to have been *higher* than this. He was not ill-qualified to *conduct* the work which he had *planned*. His public intelligence he *drew* from the best *sources*. He

knew the town, and had *paid dear* for his knowledge." There is not a clause here but has its metaphor, which, if it had occurred for the first time, we should recognise as poetical. It is the instinctive use of the perfect metaphors standing ready made in the language, the completion of the half-made ones, and the addition of some new ones, that makes the work of a great poet a fabric of gems. No poet, however great, could produce anything like it from his own unassisted resources.

What would be the effect of a poem in which the poet should avail himself only of the figures and turns of language actually recognised and embalmed as poetry by preceding poets? One of the nation, drawing from the ever accumulating national stock, makes a living work. His is the plagiarism of Life, legitimately feeding itself with organic food, and transforming it into new tissues. What do we make of a literary *cento* of phrases? We despise it as it deserves. We seldom are so absurd as consciously to construct such a farrago except in our school-days, when we are concocting hexameters and pentameters out of the *Gradus*. And yet this is what our architects have been doing this three hundred years past,—modelling their ornaments and details from classical or Gothic precedents, and sticking them where they have no value but an isolated and dead beauty of line, or a suggestion of sumptuousness and labour. Let any unprejudiced person look carefully at our new Houses of Parliament, and say whether this is not so. We do not deny them the merit of great beauty, and even grandeur, of a kind, but we ask where there is any trace of life, unless in the colouring? Who reads and feels interest in the multitudinous bosses and rosettes? What luxuriance of fancy do they express, what fitness for the place, what pleasure of execution? Should we not be informed by a sure instinct, if we did not know it from other sources, that things just as good might be machine-made by the dozen, and stuck about a theatre, a senate-house, a court of justice, or a church, with equal feeling, equal appropriateness, and equal effect? Of course we do not deny their having certain abstract beauties of line and form, but is not Architecture fairly dead when the vast palace of a nation's greatness, erected at the cost of millions, bears

no impress of that living and life-giving touch of genius which makes every rude stroke of the chisel on a country church of the genuine Gothic times rivet the eye, and speak to the heart? Or if any one calls this archaic affectation, let him go into the porch of the Temple church, and look at the capital of every slender shaft there, scraped and dandified by restorations as those capitals are, or, for aught we know, standing as mere substitutes for the old capitals of similar form, and learn what living architecture really is, in its capacity of pouring forth such exquisitely fanciful and beautiful creations with spontaneous energy in every niche and corner, never repeating itself, and never wearying the beholder. A corresponding specimen of dead architecture will be found in a noble modern building—St. George's Hall, at Liverpool. There the architect has made a good variation upon the everlasting Corinthian capital by placing between its volutes a head of Minerva (beheaded, if we mistake not, from a beautiful statue in the Vatican), and when we first saw it we frankly admired it. We do not believe that this admiration would wear off if we visited the building every day, and saw this capital in its one place. But behold, Minerva is everywhere throughout the Courts of Justice. There is no question of the head being the same, for all the capitals are undisguised plaster of Paris from one mould, though they surmount columns which we understand are red and gray porphyry, and not scagliola. The dozen repetitions round the ceiling fill us at once with the weariness and disgust which a hundred visits to the single column would not produce. The presence of a certain poverty is immediately felt.

We imagine that our objection to such repetitions as that of the Minerva will meet general sympathy. The like objections to repetitions of minor ornament will be less felt, only because the public notices such things less from its own want of sensibility, which again is mainly the result of an instinctive despair of finding anything but a vague suggestion of enrichment in a cornice of modern leafage, or a window of modern tracery.

But what is the true value and importance of ornament in architecture? Mr. Ruskin considers it as an expression of delight in the works of God, and maintains

that all the forms of typical beauty are derived from external nature, though in architecture these forms are properly, to a greater or less extent, abstracted and generalized. We refer to the indication of our opinion given above as to the operation of the typical beauty upon the mind, and the relations between vital and typical beauty, and do not propose here to enter further into the question, except to observe, that we think our author is led into some fantastic and arbitrary dogmatising in his endeavour to test the presence of beauty in art by a reference to the works of nature. For ourselves, we find all attempts to *prove* the existence of the so-called typical beauty very unsatisfactory. We believe firmly that there are laws of such beauty, but we cannot enunciate them, and we do not feel that Mr. Ruskin has greatly aided us towards doing so. We should unhesitatingly say that a person who could see no beauty in the shape of the Barberini Vase, or who called the turrets at the west end of St. Paul's beautiful, was a person of bad, or at least of uncultivated taste; but we could not state our reasons with any approach to scientific precision. Nor could we hope to convince any one who differed with us on either point that he was wrong, except by referring to something else which both felt to be either beautiful or ugly, and challenging him to say whether his agreement with us as to the one was consistent with his disagreement as to the other. All this is quite compatible with the admission that many *rules* of beauty have been discovered; all we mean is, that we can only verify our rules by appealing to works of an excellence universally admitted by cultivated persons, however their taste may have been otherwise corrupted and sophisticated. It is also true that the agreed standards would in a vast majority of instances be natural objects. The satisfaction derived from noble expression and other forms of vital beauty can be analysed and justified on moral grounds. But, besides the divergence from Mr. Ruskin already hinted, we incline to think that he is a little too apt to look at his ornaments as separate things from his building. This may be no more than the necessary prominence of details in his plan, and a healthy reaction against the practice of slurring the details, and looking only to large

scenic effect; but the impression left upon our minds nevertheless is, that he rather considers whether the sculpture upon a capital is good, than whether the column is good as a column, although his instinctive taste keeps him from praising bad columns—and so in other instances.

Ornament in architecture, according to the use of the word in common parlance, is of two kinds, which we may distinguish as *structural* and *adventitious*, but if a strict phraseology be adopted, the adventitious alone ought to be called *ornament*. The typical beauty of the minute parts of the structure is commonly considered as ornament. We call a nobly curved portal beautiful, and a prettily fancied loophole ornamental; but as long as ornamental character is produced by the mere curvatures of structural lines, it is different from ornament in its exact and proper sense. True ornamentation implies the addition to structure of something that is not structure, as arabesques or other forms of typical beauty inscribed upon wall surfaces, or representations and suggestions of organic forms both of typical and vital beauty, in suitable places. Architectural ornament differs from independent sculpture, as being, in one aspect, more subject to restriction; in another, more free and sportive. The independence of a group of sculpture requires that, while typical beauty is preserved, the highest intellectual and moral capabilities of art should be brought forward as the chief instruments of delight, and that its less noble beauties should be of the most refined and perfect kind. It would be puerile for a sculptor to cut lines of leafage on slabs, to be hung up like pictures in a gallery. But the desire to clothe every part of a building, destined to a noble or loving purpose, with forms of beauty more varied and luxuriant than can be obtained by mere structural ornament, at once dignifies the minor functions of sculpture, and gives excuse to rude and fantastic efforts. Hence the freedom of architectural sculpture. On the other hand, it has its own restraints, for the organic life of the sculpture must be in strict subordination to and sympathy with what may be called the organic life of the building. It must be severe, playful, or graceful, as the building requires in the particular spot. The work of the carver must spring forth where the senti-

ment of the architect impregnates the ground, and must submit to be pruned, trained, and trellissed to suit his purposes.

While, therefore, we doubt whether we can follow our author in many of his expressions with regard to the independent worth of adventitious ornament, we entirely concur with him in testing the real merit of an architect, to a very great extent, by his skill in ornament, both structural and adventitious. It is quite true that a man of very inferior mind may produce a grand or picturesque distant effect. Wyattville, by raising towers and clearing away obstructions, has made Windsor Castle one of the grandest and most regal of objects, but his work, when looked at closely, is poverty-stricken and inane to the last degree, and we find that he has done little more than a clever scene-painter does when he daubs in a striking stage castle. In the details the field for the exertion of intellect and feeling is perfectly infinite, and a real architect will make every stone of his work instinct with life. It will really be an organic whole, not an outline suggesting the possibility of an organic whole.

There are then, we conceive, two great and very nearly allied sources of worth in the structural and adventitious ornament. They both manifest the life which is in the structure; the structural directly, the adventitious by being suggested by the structure. The one is the expression and the other the speech of the building. The adventitious, secondarily, affords endless opportunities for the display of independent beauties, being at once the field where typical beauty can with the greatest dignity and appropriateness revel in its full luxuriance, and the only field where the architect can introduce the higher forms and images of vital beauty. It follows that here the architect has the greatest opportunity to exercise his imagination, and show the poetical elements of his character, and the fact that these qualities appear most in a secondary place is that which places architecture on a lower platform than the other fine arts.

We return to the original position that the great field of architectural decoration cannot be filled with the endless variety which it admits, without the concurrent labour of many minds and many hands. The possibility

of receiving such aid is proved by the history of Gothic architecture. We believe that the great fact of the freedom of its subordinate sculptors, on which Mr. Ruskin largely dilates, is not disputed. To this is owing the wonderful richness and fulness which characterise that style, and also the rude and grotesque work which we find in even the best Gothic buildings. But what are the conditions under which this means of excellence is attainable? The main and all-essential condition is the possession of a *national style*. As long as building committees coolly turn over a portfolio of designs, Gothic, Greek, Tudor, Byzantine, and Renaissance, and build one public building in one style, and another in another, dwelling-houses being built in no style at all, and shop-fronts in an insane farrago of all, the freedom of subordinates is impossible. The architect is not writing in his mother-tongue, and embalming in his works the fragmentary thoughts of his nation, but doing exercises to order in any one of a variety of foreign languages. His creature has but a phantom life, and is to be fed by the vapours of imitation, not by the healthy food from round about. The unlearned man can only be trusted to work from a cultivated instinct, and that he cannot have, unless he is accustomed to exercise it from the smallest beginnings, and to see the products of similar work growing up everywhere out of the common soil. How far it is now possible for us in England to follow Mr. Ruskin's prescription of building every kind of edifice in one form of Gothic, and trusting to the development of this into a national style, we do not venture to pronounce; but till something of the kind is done, it is quite certain that we shall never remedy the prim insipidity of even our very best architectural decoration, in the cases of buildings too large for one or two artists to decorate, and of smaller buildings which have to be executed too cheaply to allow of the employment of men of the highest capacity.

Another condition not less essential, is that the modern requirement of absolutely perfect workmanship, and the symmetry of the rule and plummet, must be got rid of. We apprehend that Mr. Ruskin is quite successful in making out that this effeminate martinet spirit is fatal to all bold and living architecture. It is not that refine-

ment and symmetry are bad, but that they cannot be attained everywhere and in all work without sacrificing genius to mechanism. We see the results of their exclusive pursuit everywhere. There is no such thing as bad or rude workmanship, but all the work is cold, mechanical, and lifeless, a dreary repetition of stereotyped forms, a great many of which have not even the merit of being national or homelike.

But it is now time to turn to the great object of the "*Stones of Venice*," which is the vindication of Gothic as the most perfect form of architecture for all purposes which the world has ever seen.

A very able writer in the "*Edinburgh Review*" lately drew this distinction between the expressional characters of Greek and Gothic architecture, that the Greek suggests the idea of self-contained humanity, perfect in self-discipline, standing on the earth in the gracefulness of easy human strength, while the Gothic embodies a far-reaching spirit of devotional aspiration, and draws its beauty from its flight above its terrestrial footing. In our opinion, no conception of Greek architecture can be more true, but we think that Mr. Ruskin is more accurate than his reviewer in placing the essential character of Gothic rather in the possession of qualities implying the capacity of such aspiration, than in the aspiration itself. According to him, the leading characteristics of Gothic are its plastic spirit of variety and change, its recognition of the nobleness of stern and rude forms, "its profound sympathy with the fulness and wealth of the material universe," preferring shapes taken direct from nature over idealisations, its admission of the flying and suggestive work of the rapid hand, urged by a fiery instinct to deal with

"What it can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal,"

that quality whereby its slenderest shaft seems instinct with a kind of active force suggestive of a reliance on an inner principle of life, rather than on the properties of dead matter, and which makes its works bristle again with self-asserting vital activity, its acceptance of the labour of the common workman, and general patience of want of finish, and more than all, and including all, its appeal to

every sympathy in turn of our common humanity, as it exists alike in the humblest and the loftiest. "Undefined in its slope of roof, height of shaft, breadth of arch, or disposition of ground plan, it can shrink into a turret, expand into a hall, coil into a staircase, or spring into a spire, with undegraded grace and unexhausted energy; and whenever it finds occasion for change in its form or purpose, it submits to it without the slightest sense of loss either to its unity or majesty, subtle and flexible like a fiery serpent, but ever attentive to the voice of the charmer."

Mr. Ruskin is quite right in considering the humility of Gothic as the condition of its aspiration, and not less so in saying that Greek architecture is only beautiful and good under certain narrow conditions, but Gothic everywhere and for all purposes. The self-sustained humanity of the Pagan philosopher cannot express itself nobly but in the most severe and simple works, and it cannot be the attribute of common life anywhere. Its stoical serenity must not be ruffled by hope or fear, by pain or conflict. When it has once taken shape in consummate marble under the sun of Athens, it can do no more. Pride is at its heart, and pride cannot put on a semblance of goodness and beauty but in the polished and chastened quietude of the highest and purest intellect, severed from human interests and passions. Taken from the clear-walled cities of Greece, with all its coldness and its pride, but divorced from the exquisite refinement of Greek wisdom and Greek training, the forms of Greek architecture were piled up by the arrogant Romans into monuments expressive of a more barbarous and vaunting pride, and the builders of the Renaissance took to the Roman architecture in a spirit of self-complacent scholarship and vainglorious and purse-proud display. The following richly eloquent passage well describes the result.

"It was noticed in the second volume of 'Modern Painters' p. 117, that the principle which had most power in retarding the modern school of portraiture was its constant expression of individual vanity and pride. And the reader cannot fail to have observed that one of the readiest and commonest ways in which the painter ministers to this vanity is by introducing the pedestal or shaft of a column, or some fragment, however simple, of Renaissance archi-

ecture, in the background of the portrait. And this is not merely because such architecture is bolder or grander than, in general, that of the apartments of a private house. No other architecture would produce the same effect in the same degree. The richest Gothic, the most massive Norman, would not produce the same sense of exaltation as the simple and meagre lines of the Renaissance.

"And if we think over this matter a little, we shall soon feel that in those meagre lines there is indeed an expression of aristocracy in its worst characters; coldness, perfectness of training, incapability of emotion, want of sympathy with the weakness of lower men, blank, hopeless, haughty self-sufficiency. All these characters are written in the Renaissance architecture as plainly as if they were graven on it in words. For, observe, all other architectures have something in them that common men can enjoy; some concession to the simplicities of humanity, some daily bread for the hunger of the multitude. Quaint fancy, rich ornament, bright colour, something that shows a sympathy with men of ordinary minds and hearts; and this wrought out, at least in the Gothic, with a rudeness showing that the workman did not mind exposing his own ignorance, if he could please others. But the Renaissance is exactly the contrary of all this. It is rigid, cold, inhuman; incapable of glowing, of stooping, of conceding for an instant. Whatever excellence it has is refined, high-trained, and deeply erudite; a kind which the architect well knows no common mind can taste. He proclaims to us aloud, 'You cannot feel my work unless you study Vitruvius. I will give you no gay colour, no pleasant sculpture, nothing to make you happy; for I am a learned man. All the pleasure you can have in anything I do is in its proud breeding, its rigid formalism, its perfect finish, its cold tranquillity. I do not work for the vulgar, only for the men of the Academy and the Court.'

"And the instinct of the world felt this in a moment. In the new precision and accurate law of the classical forms, they perceived something peculiarly adapted to the setting forth of state in an appalling manner: princes delighted in it, and courtiers. The Gothic was good for God's worship, but this was good for man's worship. The Gothic had fellowship with all hearts, and was universal, like nature; it could frame a temple for the prayer of nations, or shrink into the poor man's winding stair. But here was an architecture that would not shrink, that had in it no submission, no mercy. The proud princes and lords rejoiced in it. It was full of insult to the poor in its every line. It would not be built of the materials at the poor man's hand; it would not roof itself with thatch or shingle, and black oak beams; it would not wall itself with rough stone or brick; it would not pierce itself with small windows where they were needed; it would not niche itself wher-

ever there was room for it in the street corners. It would be of hewn stone; it would have its windows and its doors, and its stairs and its pillars, in lordly order and of stately size; it would have its wings, and its corridors, and its halls, and its gardens, as if all the earth were its own. And the rugged cottages of the mountaineers, and the fantastic streets of the labouring burghers, were to be thrust out of its way, as of a lower species.

"It is to be noticed, also, that it ministered as much to luxury as to pride. Not to luxury of the eye, that is a holy luxury; nature ministers to that in her painted meadows, and sculptured forests, and gilded heavens; the Gothic builder ministered to that in his twisted traceries, and deep wrought foliage, and burning casements. The dead Renaissance drew back into its earthliness, out of all that was warm and heavenly; back into its pride, out of all that was simple and kind; back into its stateliness, out of all that was impulsive, reverent, and gay. But it understood the luxury of the body; the terraced and scented and grottoed garden, with its trickling fountains and slumbrous shades; the spacious hall and lengthened corridor, for the summer heat; the well-closed windows and perfect fittings and furniture for defence against the cold; and the soft picture, and frescoed wall and roof, covered with the last lasciviousness of Paganism; this it understood and possessed to the full, and still possesses. This is the kind of domestic architecture on which we pride ourselves, even to this day, as an infinite and honourable advance from the rough habits of our ancestors; from the time when the king's floor was strewn with rushes, and the tapestries swayed before the searching wind in the baron's hall."

Mr. Ruskin applies himself to prove, that, through all the noblest ages of Venice, architecture was proceeding from the early Byzantine to the most perfect forms of Gothic, and that when Venetian grandeur culminated, Gothic architecture culminated too, and then, like the State, showed symptoms of luxurious corruption. He then shows the apparently good effects of the irruption of the classic taste, and their transitory character, and identifies the full development of the Palladian style, and its gradual debasement to the barbarism which characterises Italian buildings of the last century and a half, with the progress of Venice through that stage in which she is most familiar to us as

"The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy,"

to her final decay and extinction. The following accounts of two tombs will at once show the perfect success of the

author in discriminating and contrasting the Gothic and Renaissance spirits, and his unrivalled mastery in the difficult art of describing in words the productions of the chisel.

"It [the tomb of Can Grande della Scala, Dante's protector at Verona] is set over the portal of the chapel, anciently belonging to the family. The sarcophagus is sculptured with shallow bas reliefs representing (which is rare in the tombs with which I am acquainted in Italy, unless they are those of saints) the principal achievements of the warrior's life, especially the siege of Vicenza and battle of Placenza; these sculptures, however, form little more than a chased and roughened ground-work for the fully relieved statues representing the Annunciation, projecting boldly from the front of the sarcophagus. Above, the Lord of Verona is laid in his long robe of civil dignity, wearing the simple bonnet, consisting merely of a fillet bound round the brow, knotted and falling on the shoulder. He is laid as asleep; his arms crossed upon his body, and his sword by his side. Above him a bold arched canopy is sustained by two projecting shafts, and on the pinnacle of its roof is the statue of the knight on his war-horse; his helmet, dragon-winged and crested with the dog's head, tossed back behind his shoulders, and the broad and blazoned drapery floating back from his horse's breast—so truly drawn by the old workman from the life, that it seems to wave in the wind, and the knight's spear to shake, and his marble horse to be evermore quickening his pace, and starting into heavier and hastier charge, as the silver clouds float past behind it in the sky.

"Now observe, in this tomb, as much concession is made to the pride of man as may ever consist with honour, discretion, or dignity. I do not enter into any question respecting the character of Can Grande, though there can be little doubt that he was one of the best among the nobles of his time; but that is not to our purpose. It is not the question whether his wars were just, or his greatness honourably achieved, but whether, supposing them to have been so, these facts are well and gracefully told upon his tomb. And I believe there can be no hesitation in the admission of its perfect feeling and truth. Though beautiful, the tomb is so little conspicuous or intrusive, that it serves only to decorate the portal of the little chapel, and is hardly regarded by the traveller as he enters. When it is examined, the history of the acts of the dead is found subdued into dim and minute ornament upon his coffin, and the principal aim of the monument is to direct the thoughts to his image as he lies in death, and to the expression of his hope of resurrection; while, seen as by the memory, far away, diminished in the brightness of the sky, there is set the likeness of his armed youth, stately, as it stood of old in the front of battle, and meet to

be thus recorded for us, that we may now be able to remember the dignity of the frame, of which those who once looked upon it hardly remembered that it was dust."

* * *

"From before this rude and solemn sepulchre [of the Doge Marino Morosini] let us pass to the southern aisle of the church of St. John and St. Paul; and there, towering from the pavement to the vaulting of the church, behold a mass of marble, sixty or seventy feet in height, of mingled yellow and white, the yellow carved into the form of an enormous curtain, with ropes, fringes, and tassels sustained by cherubs; in front of which, in the now usual stage attitudes, advance the statues of the Doge Bertuccio Valier, his son, the Doge Silvester Falier, and his son's wife, Elizabeth. The statues of the Doges, though mean and Polonius-like, are partly redeemed by the ducal robes; but that of the Dogaressa is a consummation of grossness, vanity, and ugliness,—the figure of a large and wrinkled woman, with elaborate curls in stiff projection round her face, covered from her shoulders to her feet with ruffs, furs, lace, jewels, and embroidery. Beneath and around are scattered virtues, victories, fames, genii—the entire company of the monumental stage assembled, as before a drop-scene, executed by various sculptors, and deserving attentive study, as exhibiting every condition of false taste and feeble conception. The Victory in the centre is peculiarly interesting; the lion by which she is accompanied, springing on a dragon, has been intended to look terrible, but the incapable sculptor could not conceive any form of dreadfulness, could not even make the lion look angry. It looks only lachrymose, and its lifted fore-paws, there being no spring or motion in its body, give it the appearance of a dog begging. The inscriptions under the two principal statues are as follows:

"Bertucius Valier Duke,
Great in wisdom and eloquence,
Greater in his Hellespontic victory,
Greatest in the Prince, his son,
Died in the year 1658."

"Elizabeth Quirina,
The wife of Silvester,
Distinguished by Roman virtue,
By Venetian piety,
And by the Ducal crown,
Died 1708."

We take it to be well proven that humanity, humility, and warm vitality* are the characteristics of Gothic ar-

* Some readers may not at once admit the *humility* of Gothic, but let them consider whether they feel it appropriate to call Westminster Abbey or Cologne

chitecture, and that its capacity for expressing alike the loftiest and the tenderest emotion, and its aspiration, where aspiration is natural, are part and parcel of its capacity for expressing all emotion, and adapting itself to all circumstances. It is felt by almost every one that these are not the qualities of Greek architecture, and we consider it clear that the adaptability of the Renaissance style to various purposes is, so far as it exists, little else than a mechanical possibility of superimposing a number of parts, frigid and unmeaning in themselves, and bearing no particular relation to each other, in a variety of ways. The Corinthian column may be made of different sizes to support a gallery, or a window, or a pulpit, or a cornice introduced only to be supported, but it never seems quite at home except in the stately colonnade of a Grecian temple, or such a copy as the Church of the Magdalene at Paris. In spite of the utter absence of accuracy and refinement from its minor curves and proportions, the Town-hall of Birmingham, rising from its rocky base, white amid the smoke of the town, with the enduring though not brilliant whiteness of its Anglesea marble, is perhaps the noblest example of the order in England.

We would not be supposed insensible to the beauties either of Greek or of Renaissance architecture. We ungrudgingly sympathise with our author's profound admiration of the glorious waggon-vault and dome, the impressions of which are, after all, the only things which a visitor of St. Peter's carries away in his mind as a joy and a possession for ever. We can delight, too, in the fine elegance of outline, and various subtlety of proportion to be found in classical buildings, and in the delicacy of those almost impalpable curvatures of shaft which, with an exquisiteness of fastidious reserve, delight to pass themselves off to the vulgar eye for straight lines. But the dome and the vault are for mighty structures only, and it signifies little what is put under them, while the

Cathedral "a proud pile," and also that true majesty is quite consistent with true and unaffected humility. The idea of the *vitality* of Gothic might be pursued to the minutest details. The way in which the windows thrown out, and other irregularities allowed for the sake of convenience, immediately produce new effects of picturesque beauty, irresistibly suggests the notion of a pervasive organic life manifesting itself wherever the building is touched.

delight in the curves and proportions of a Greek temple is of such a cold and "calm and critical" kind as to afford an excellent instance of that narrow and unfeeling intellectual perception of beauty which, as we have before stated, we believe to exist. The majority, however, of modern Renaissance buildings have no pretension to any lofty properties. The epithet appropriate to this kind of erection embodies all our feelings on the subject. We instinctively call Somerset House, or the Easton Square station (always excepting the Doric propylæum of the latter, with its Hadrian-like emulation of Egyptian grandeur) "handsome"—and there we stop. If we analyse the meaning of this word, we shall find the notion of pride and stateliness to be the ruling ingredient. If we feel (as most of us do) that the style to which it is applicable is especially fitted for public buildings, we afford a certain amount of presumption that our ideas of public action are not very exalted or very religious.

Mr. Ruskin's conclusions with respect to the coincidence of moral and architectural degradation in Venice are undoubtedly correct, and he is probably justified in regarding them as cause and effect. It is a material question for us, but one into which he does not enter at any length, how far parallel phenomena are exhibited in our own country.

In our view, a parallelism is discernible, but can only be predicated with some qualification. We do not think that the English nation, as it at present exists, has ever expressed its innermost life in any of the forms of visible art. We can trace the poetical characters of our sculpture and painting to no source in the untaught instincts of our people, and we therefore doubt whether our soil is fitted to produce Titans in art, it being of the essence of a Titan, that he should owe his gigantic proportions to the primeval strength of his mother earth. Having never had a Giotto, we have never had a Michael Angelo; and an occasional genius like Flaxman, or Blake, or Turner, has not sufficed to nationalise imaginative design or painting. In architecture we apprehend that the case has been different rather in appearance than in reality. We have had a religious architecture in England and one springing from rude beginnings, as witness

Durham, Salisbury, the Temple Church, and some parts of Westminster Abbey. But we surmise that our excellence in this kind was coming to an end when the distinctively English nature was beginning to assume some of its most important characteristics. From the time when that unlucky Perpendicular became the English Gothic, our religious nature and our loftiest poetry has found no voice in a national architecture. Henry the Seventh's Chapel is but fantastic and sumptuous at best, and whatever religious and poetical elements there may be intermixed with baser matter in the best works of Inigo Jones and Wren, and notwithstanding that their individual genius enabled them to surpass most of their Italian masters, their works were not of native growth. We qualify then all that we say about English architecture by stating our conviction, that architecture is not with us a natural or favourite medium of expression. We consider the present revival of architecture to be the effect of the improved culture of the few, and their desire to teach the many; although we should much prefer to accept it as evidence of a higher general tone. We are unable to admit any deterioration of national character accompanying the passage from the better Gothic to the Tudor. The change from the Tudor to the Renaissance in the time of the Stuarts, and the Renaissance fashion with which the eighteenth century began, were of more importance. We think that they may be clearly connected with pernicious moral changes, and that those least sensitive to architectural expression will recognise the sympathy which exists between the classical style of building, and the worldly wisdom, hard polish, and cruel wit of Congreve, Wycherley, Swift, and Pope. But we have a strong persuasion that the English people never took kindly and thoroughly to Renaissance architecture. It did not run the course here that it did in Italy. The land did not become covered with country churches running wild in every caprice of a bad classical taste. The great buildings were thoroughly good of their kind, and the minor ones were at worst cold or ugly. Such hideous erections as the Church of St. Clement Danes are too absurd to have an idea of moral degradation connected with them. Were it so, their architects must have been

Thurtells or Greenacres at least. Such total eclipses of taste prove too much. We should be rather disposed to quote them as proofs that the minds of ordinary English architects were incapable of being really poured into the Renaissance mould, and in their lame attempts at invention in the fashionable style, produced something which was not architecture at all.

It has been reserved for the last twenty years to give the greatest appearance of probability to the apprehensions of those who bid us read the lessons of the "*Stones of Venice*" in the *compo* of London. Most certainly the new parts of London body forth with wonderful truth the spirit of a pretentious, ostentatious, boastful gentility, living beyond its means, and aping an exclusiveness which is the source of its bitterest mortifications. Certes, Tyburnian Renaissance is the very architecture of *Vanity Fair*, and its stately porticoes, leading into mouse-holes of houses, are the very pulpits for the delivery of Mr. Thackeray's most *Mephistophelean* street-sermons. We give up Pocklington Square and Terrace heartily and at once to Mr. Ruskin. Few men have so much power of acting rapidly on the public perceptions, and we trust he may soon make us ashamed of them. What can be said of a style whose only merit is, that it is the cheapest way of working up rubbish to produce a genteel effect? There is, nevertheless, some exaggeration in the author's remarks on our domestic architecture. Gower Street is not immoral though it is ugly. It does not express anything bad, for it expresses nothing. It is simply not architecture. The beautiful domestic architecture of the middle ages cannot return to our city houses, because their population is in a state of continual change. We cannot sympathise with Mr. Ruskin's condemnation of the modern habit of being without a family house decorated by the loving labour of generations; but, on the contrary, moving from a smaller habitation to a larger as means increase. This is inevitable in a bustling time of material progress. The fact corresponds no doubt with some of the chief moral dangers of such a period. There is great danger of forgetting the immutable in the fleeting—of losing, as we bound along, the clue which threads the mazes of our life, and of being content with home-

lessness while excitement is ministered to us. But though it would task the strongest mind to withstand these dangers, they must be frankly accepted, and met with safeguards appropriate to the present. By all means let every attainable aid from environing associations be welcomed. We need every source of strength. But the home will not be made sacred by fixing it to a local position in an atmosphere growing tainted with excess of accumulated breath, and separated from fields and flowers by an ever-increasing mass of dwellings. Above all, we must not treat moral dangers, inseparable from our position, as delinquencies calling for instant flight; and of this latter mistake, we venture to think, Mr. Ruskin is in some danger.

The most striking instance of the existence of some tendencies, more worthy of a Graduate of Oxford than of John Ruskin, is to be found in his mode of dealing with railways and railway architecture. It is true that there is the least possible enjoyment or profit in a railway transit. All the delightful incidents of the act of travelling are gone the moment we take our seats behind the shrieking engine. Besides the loss of the long rural day in the open air, we lose the gradual opening of the scenes which we are to visit, and the parting from those which we are to leave. In pleasure travelling, an unprofitable hurrying over a vast extent of country is at present often the only result of our increased facilities—a practice carried to the greatest excess by Brother Jonathan. But how many persons in comparison, would ever see the grandest works of art and nature without steam? How can we estimate too highly the means of family and social intercourse which it brings? It is very bad to go by railway to Venice, and to get out of the train into a "gondola" licensed to carry fourteen inside, and bearing for its device the words "Omnibus, 1re. Classe." But thousands who now see Venice would never go there in any other way, and of those thousands, some scores are led by their first hurried glance to go there again, and even perhaps to leave the railway at Padua and cross the Lagune after the old fashion. Why then are railway stations to be put in the catalogue of detestable necessities on which it is a sin to waste good architecture? Mr. Ruskin says (we think in

the Seven Lamps) that there is no pause there for contemplation, no possibility of feeling that a beautiful building is better than an ugly one. Was he never too soon or too late for the train? But seriously, facilities for locomotion are among the greatest blessings of the present day; and, besides that, in whatever way travelling is conducted, crowds of stirring associations cluster about it. It would be far better worth while to point these out, than to abuse the station and its accompaniments. The station is the ever open gate of pleasure and of pain. Thence the schoolboy, and the grown youth, and the bride, will, for the future, start for their new lives, and pleasure will be a-tiptoe, and ambition will yearn, and curiosity will be eager to see and to know. There will be many a meeting and many a parting. All the thoughts embodied in the words *from home* and *to home* will have some association with these despised gathering places. We cannot see why their real dignity should be neglected, or why our brief sojourning there should not be made as agreeable as possible. But we shall leave Mr. Ruskin himself to refute those passages where he seems for a moment disposed to quarrel with the conditions of modern life. He has a sure instinct for truth, and always gravitates towards it.

"That modern science, with all its additions to the comfort of life, and to the fields of rational contemplation, has placed the existing races of mankind on a higher platform than any that preceded them, none can doubt for an instant; and I believe the position in which we find ourselves is somewhat analogous to that of thoughtful and laborious youth, succeeding a restless and heedless infancy. Not long ago it was said to me by one of the masters of modern science, 'When men invented the locomotive, the child was learning to go; when they invented the telegraph, it was learning to speak.' He looked forward to the manhood of mankind as assuredly the nobler in proportion to the slowness of its development. What might not be expected from the prime and middle strength of the order of existence, whose infancy had lasted six thousand years! And indeed I think this the truest as well as the most cheering view that we can take of the world's history. Little progress has been made as yet—base war, lying policy, thoughtless cruelty, senseless improvidence—all things which, in nations, are analogous to the petulance, cunning, impatience and carelessness of infancy, have been up to this hour as characteristic of mankind as they were in the earliest periods; so that we must either be driven

to doubt of human progress at all, or look upon it as in its very earliest stage. Whether the opportunity is to be permitted us to redeem the hours that we have lost; whether He, in whose sight a thousand years are as one day, has appointed us to be tried by the continual possession of the strange powers with which he has lately endowed us; or whether the periods of childhood and of probation are to cease together, and the youth of mankind is to be one that shall prevail over death, and bloom for ever in the midst of a new heaven and a new earth, are questions with which we have no concern. It is indeed right that we should look for, and hasten, so far as in us lies, the coming of the Day of God; but not that we should check any human efforts by anticipations of its approach. We shall hasten it best by endeavouring to work out the tasks that are appointed for us here; and, therefore, reasoning as if the world were to continue under its existing dispensation, and the powers which have just been granted to us were to be continued through myriads of future ages.

"It seems to me, then, that the whole human race, so far as their own reason can be trusted, may at present be regarded as just emergent from childhood; and beginning for the first time to feel their strength, to stretch their limbs, and explore the creation around them. If we consider that, till within the last fifty years, the nature of the ground we tread on, of the air we breathe, and of the light by which we see, were not so much as conjecturally conceived by us; that the duration of the globe, and the races of animal life by which it was inhabited, are just beginning to be apprehended; and that the scope of the magnificent science which has revealed them, is as yet so little received by the public mind, that presumption and ignorance are still permitted to raise their voices against it unrebuked; that perfect veracity in the representation of general nature by art has never been attempted until the present day, and has in the present day been resisted with all the energy of the popular voice; that the simplest problems of social science are yet so little understood, as that doctrines of liberty and equality can be openly preached,* and so successfully as to affect the whole body of the civilized world with apparently incurable disease; that the first principles of commerce were acknowledged by the English parliament only a few months ago, in its free-trade measures, and are still so little understood by the million, that no nation dares to abolish its custom-houses; that the simplest principles of policy are still not so much as stated, far less received, and that civilized nations persist in the belief that the subtlety and dishonesty which they know to be ruinous in dealings between man and man, are serviceable in dealings between multitude and multitude; finally, that the scope of the Christian religion, which we

* We have not space to discuss the few intimations given of the author's political creed.

have been taught for two thousand years, is still so little conceived by us, that we suppose the laws of charity and of self-sacrifice bear upon individuals in all their social relations, and yet do not bear upon nations in any of their political relations;—when, I say, we thus review the depth of simplicity in which the human race are still plunged, with respect to all that it most profoundly concerns them to know, and which might, by them, with most ease have been ascertained, we can hardly determine how far back on the narrow path of human progress we ought to place the generation to which we belong, how far the swaddling clothes are unwound from us, and childish things beginning to be put away.

“On the other hand, a power of obtaining veracity in the representation of material and tangible things, which, within certain limits and conditions, is unimpeachable, has now been placed in the hands of all men, almost without labour. The foundation of every natural science is now at last firmly laid, not a day passing without some addition of buttress and pinnacle to their already magnificent fabric. Social theorems, if fiercely agitated, are therefore the more likely to be at last determined, so that they never can be matters of question more. Human life has been, in some sense, prolonged by the increased powers of locomotion and an almost limitless power of converse. Finally, there is hardly any serious mind in Europe but is occupied, more or less, in the investigation of the questions which have so long paralysed the strength of religious feeling, and shortened the dominion of religious faith. And we may therefore at least look upon ourselves as so far in a definite state of progress, as to justify our caution in guarding against the dangers incident to every period of change, and especially to that from childhood into youth.”

We could linger over this fascinating book much longer. We will only add, that it is no less valuable as a Venetian guide than as a philosophical essay, and suggest that in the future editions, which are sure to be called for, no architectural term may be left undefined. There are not many, but there are some of very frequent occurrence (*e. g.*, archivolt and soffit), and as the book is addressed to the ignorant as well as the learned, every stumbling-block to their full enjoyment of it should be removed.*

* We subjoin Mr. Cary's translation of the lines of Dante occurring in a former page.

“The sun
Now all the western clime irradiate changed
From azure tint to white; and, as I passed,
My passing shadow made the umber'd flame
Burn ruddier.”—*Purgat.*, Cant. 6.

ART. III.—RELIGIOUS SERVICES AND SYMBOLS: THEIR ENDS AND THEIR DEFICIENCIES.

The Communion of the Lord's Supper: Its Authority, Significance, and Value. By Henry Solly.

MR. SOLLY has given us a very timely and valuable tract on the most beautiful of our religious ordinances. We would strongly recommend it to the perusal of our readers. They will find it full of useful suggestions as to the value, not only of this ordinance in particular, but of public religious services in general. Indeed, if any disappointment be caused by the perusal, it will be to find that while Mr. Solly's arguments remind us of the too-oft forgotten power of sympathy in the cultivation of our spiritual life, and of the use of public services for the purpose of obtaining that sympathy,—while they show us the desirableness of some service by which we may gain the power of sympathy in the faiths which he connects with the Lord's Supper,—they do not seem to meet the chief difficulty in many minds—the doubt as to the value of the distinctive peculiarities of this service. We believe that there are two forms of objection to the Lord's Supper, felt, perhaps, more widely than they are expressed. One is a secret distaste towards the sacrificial doctrines themselves, that seem most naturally to connect themselves with the Lord's Supper. The other is a distaste—even where the doctrines may not be refused—to the symbolical form of expression adopted for them in that ordinance. Many who are conscious of the latter difficulty especially would have been grateful to Mr. Solly if he had addressed himself more particularly to its removal. We can imagine a large number of persons agreeing in the general value, to the work of the spiritual life, of assembling together for Christian worship and edification; and further agreeing that the public services to which we assemble should *in turn* embody all the great ideas which we recognise as valid for awakening the sentiments of worship, and renewing the fountains of the spi-

ritual nature ; and then consequently allowing that there should be somewhere in that course a service embodying such ideas as Mr. Solly believes are embodied in the service of the Lord's Supper, but who would still ask, "Why should these ideas be associated in particular with the notion of a supper ; and why—not content with the common language of words—should we have recourse to the language of material symbols to represent them ?"

Now, both difficulties seem to us to proceed from one and the same mistake,—the tendency of each person to look at all things in Church provision from the point of his individual consciousness ;—and vanish as soon as we detect the mistake within ourselves. The first difficulty with regard to doctrine itself, appears to arise when looking from the point of consciousness of the more ethical form of mind ; that in which conscience, being much stronger than either affection or passion, causes the spiritual consciousness to direct itself chiefly towards outward action. This form, unconscious of the infinite and ever-weeping aspirations of the affections (when blended with conscience), on the one hand, and the deep sense of weakness under the power of ever-soliciting passions, on the other, feels no strong need of a sacrifice like Christ exalted before the mind, either to quicken the affections or to save it from the consciousness of sin and shame. It is the emotive and passionate form of mind that feels this need the most. The second difficulty with regard to symbolical expression, seems to come from persons in whom the logical faculties of the understanding exist, in the first place, in considerable development, so as to be able to do their work with very little assistance either from the imagination or the senses ;—and exist, in the second place, in almost exclusive predominance, especially over the imagination, so as to leave little or no room for the exercise of the latter. Let us allow, then, that persons of the ethical mind may say justly, "We feel no need of any sacrificial views to our spiritual life ;" that persons of the logical mind may say justly, "We want no help but that of plain, straightforward, verbal language to enable us to realise all the ideas needed in religious services, to fix our minds upon them, to have the sentiments and form the resolutions appropriate." We would answer, "Very well in any spiritual exercise established for your

own exclusive benefit, you have a right thus to consider your own exclusive wants, and to adapt all means accordingly; but the Church is a SOCIETY into which you, with other members, enter on the very condition of obtaining and conferring mutual benefit. You have a right to demand that your own legitimate mental wants—for whose very sake you enter the society—shall meet with due attention; but as every other member has a similar right, for his own legitimate wants, it is clear that it would be preposterous in you to demand that all the services of the Church should be restricted to meet your wants alone. The particular benefit which we obtain and confer by Church fellowship is the power of sympathy in our spiritual faiths and aspirations, which is manifested by some social spiritual act. Now, as each of us is but a fractional and particular development of our common human nature, that social act, in order to awaken those sympathies in which we all agree, must meet developments in which we do not agree,—must appeal, in fact, in turns to every portion of human nature."

Now give up this idea, which we conceive lies at the very basis of church fellowship, let each man insist that the public acts of worship shall be suited to his idiosyncrasies alone, and our churches must be broken up into innumerable circles of simply private friendship, consisting, in each instance, only of those few of like nature which each individual is able to gather around him. Nay, even here, if this egoism is strictly insisted upon, no social expression of religion can be agreed in, and the very idea of church fellowship must be abandoned as an impossibility.

But man's spiritual nature instinctively leads him to seek the help of church union, in order to strengthen itself by the assured and enlarged consciousness of the sympathy of kindred spirits. The fiat, "It is not good that man should be alone," seems evidently to have been pronounced by our Creator over our spiritual nature. The appetites, passions, and lower sentiments have individual strength to do their work,—though even they gain power by sympathy, and the sot in the tavern, and the upholder of "shams" upon the seat of legislation, strengthen themselves against the denunciation of con-

science and the shame of self-esteem, by the thought of the companions they have to bear them out in evil. But the higher sentiments which have to rule the lower, seem almost universally to be individually so weak as to depend, for the power of doing their appropriate work, on the consciousness of sympathy in kindred beings. Several souls must, by this sympathy, be blended into one before any *one* is adequate to its spiritual task of keeping down the ruder impulses and moving the sluggish will to action. And if the outpourings of devout and holy souls in the words of sacred poetry and earnest prayer, as well as divine life, or if the discovery of ourselves gazing in common with multitudes in the same love and reverence at one central Christ—had not revealed to us the hidden spiritual life in the *universal soul*, the diviner spark within each of us would have been in danger of complete extinction, left alone with its vigorous foes in individual weakness. As long then as we have to aspire after the spiritual life, we must ask the aid of sympathy in aspiration from kindred souls. The maxim, we believe, of Novalis, which Mr. Solly quotes, "My belief gains infinitely in strength when I find another holding it also," is truly one of the first principles in what we may call the "ART of cultivating our spiritual nature." Thus, while our holier affections lead us, not for a purpose, but with an inner necessity, to where they may whisper themselves forth, girt round with the conscious presence of responsive spiritual life, so also the deliberate purpose of cultivating in the best manner possible these affections themselves, leads us the same way to the organisation and observances of a church.

And if, then, we are necessarily led to seek the help of church fellowship for the sake of opening around us fountains of living sympathy, the more individuals we can *truly* include in this fellowship—really we mean fulfilling its conditions—surely the larger the streams of sympathy will flow for our refreshment. But it is not only for himself that the spiritual aspirant will yearn to have his church as wide as possible. As a man possessed of Christian love, he yearns to raise and bless the souls of his brethren scarcely less than to raise and bless his own. He must wish to bring as many as possible, therefore, within

the circle of those influences which he believes to be most good and elevating for himself. The great religious question of the day with thoughtful and religious minds is, "How shall thousands who in these times of transition have escaped from almost all religious influences be brought to them? How shall the millions who are perhaps preparing to escape be still retained? And it is the pressure of this question, we have no doubt, that here and there issues in the establishment of what are called "Free Christian Churches." And if *our* church fellowship is to be wide and inclusive, for the sake both of ourselves and others, it is surely clear that the church services, which are to be the very bond and manifestation of that fellowship, must be as Catholic as possible. We want, for example, in the pulpit, not narrow men who shall be forever driving to reproduce the mere copy of their own form of mind in the congregation, but large-minded, sympathetic men who shall be able to enter into the general mind, and speak to what is true and good in all.

The perception of this principle brings us, we think, at once, to see what is the great defect of all our modern Protestant churches—perhaps even more especially those of Dissent. They are too *intensely egoistic*. Their whole offices are often formed to satisfy the wants of one definite form of mind to the exclusion of all others. Owing to some historical antecedent, certain individual developments of very kindred character have obtained predominance in each church, and these insist on having everything in the church moulded in reference to themselves, treating the claims of all other developments with scornful denial. This is probably the radical weakness of our Protestant organisations, and the secret of their daily more and more losing hold upon the masses. In these days of such various intellectual influences acting everywhere on the age, it becomes more difficult to group multitudes into a few classes of stereotyped developments. The old classes are broken up, and now run one into another. And so our churches, by their narrowness, repel all in turns, without strongly attracting any in compensation. The secret, on the contrary, of the strength of Catholicism is probably her Catholicity. And when we think of the necessity of this Catholicity to the per-

manence of church organisations, and the inevitable doom of our Protestant organisations to decay without it, we are inclined to believe that in allowing the Papal church still to retain such influence on the civilised world, Providence has still some important work for that church, under some purified form, to effect. A considerable portion of the faults of Catholicism at present appears to consist indeed in her vicious excess of Catholicity; *i. e.*, she affords provision for forms of mind that have no right to be provided for, but need on the contrary to be repressed, while Protestantism on the other hand denies provision to forms of mind that are legitimate, and have a right to consideration in the church. Catholicism provides for the satisfaction of the passions and appetites of the *lower nature* with impunity, by the hope of easy remission through confession and penance and the intercession of saints. Protestantism refuses to provide for the satisfaction of the *higher nature* of affection and intellect, the love of beauty, and wonder at the mysterious, except according to her own narrow type. Catholicism must become less Catholic in order to become more spiritual. Protestantism must become more Catholic in order to become more genial.

If we inquire how it is that religion needs a variety of administration in order to be Catholic, we shall find that it is because the moral and religious life itself consists of various elements—the conscience, the affections, the æsthetic feelings, the will under peculiar modifications. These elements, again, are surrounded by others, through some of which—as *media*—the understanding, the imagination, the senses, and even the passions—all appeal to them must come. Now, in the religious life of different individuals, different elements may very innocently predominate, according to constitution;—conscience in one, affection in another, æsthetic feeling in another, sense of bondage to the passions and of weakness of the will, in another. And you want not only various modes of expressing the truth, in order to meet the different needs of the various *media* through which the truth is to get at the inner life, but you want the various mutually supplementing parts of the whole truth, to meet the needs of the various forms of that inner

life itself. You want not only a Catholic mode of exhibiting Christianity, but you want a large Catholic Christianity to exhibit. As members of a church, you are not only called upon to tolerate forms of representation that you do not need for yourself—provided they do you no harm—but you are called upon to tolerate doctrines which you do not need for yourself—provided only you allow them to be true. Every man's whole *creed* of truth is much larger than his individual appropriation of truth. We are so one-sided, that after building up a system of ideas, we straightway attach ourselves to some very few in our system, according to our mental constitutions, and let the rest vanish from our view. Now we believe that Unitarianism so often fails to reach the masses, because it has been first of all too *egoistic in doctrine*. It has not set forth in prominence all its own truth, but only that fractional part of it which has suited the wants of the more ethical mind. It has been the religion of the ethical mind, and of the ethical mind reached through the understanding. And so it has refused to supplement true and noble doctrines needed for the religious life of the ethical mind, by other doctrines also true and noble needed for the religious life of the emotive mind, and the mind more conscious of the strength of passion than of conscience. And we believe, therefore, that many Unitarians have justly felt the Lord's Supper to be an empty ceremony, simply because they have let slip out of their love and view the sacrificial doctrine which it represents. Now we believe that a true Catholicity will bring back, or rather bring *out*, this doctrine, for it already exists in Unitarian churches. Let us only settle it, that we must provide for the wants of various forms of mind in the church. Then let us consider that probably the great bulk of minds come much more under the passionate and emotive than the ethical form.

First, with the passionate: The primary spiritual want with multitudes is not ethical, is not to be taught their obligations, to have their conscience enlightened or quickened. On the contrary, it is to be saved from the consciousness of not having fulfilled their obligations, of not having satisfied their conscience.

It is vain, then, to offer religious services which appeal to moral strength, to the many who need a provision for moral weakness—to preach the law, when they want a gospel to indemnify them from the terrible fears attending the conscious violation of the law. Evangelical religion, we know, appeals to this sense of the power of the passions and the weakness of the will, by the pre-eminent setting forth of the doctrine of the atonement, and in this we confess we believe that it does,—though in a rude way,—meet the first want of multitudes on being awakened from the life of the flesh. Whatever absurdities and contradictions there are besides in the doctrine of the atonement,—of a second God, of an infinite God which is yet finite man, of God's dying, and yet not dying—there is this view which we believe truly spiritually-minded evangelical teachers do substantially and frequently if not continually insist upon, that as long as we are trying to please God by looking unto the fulfilment of the moral law with the idea that God must regard us with affection only in proportion as we obey the law, and with aversion in proportion as we break it, then there is no help for the majority of us; for, with all our aims, passion is so continually mastering us, and leading us to the violation that we hate, that we feel 'all our righteousness but as filthy rags' before Him. In Christ, however, God has provided a means of assuring man that he does not (and therefore, of course, never did;—the old covenant, as it is called, is a misconception of man, not a reality of God) exact the *performance* of the law. He only requires that man should sincerely *aim after* the fulfilment. He has enthroned that moral law in Christ, and now only requires of us faith in Christ, that is, a surrender of the affections, the heart, and soul, unto the image of the divine life exhibited there.

The great fault of these so-called Evangelical churches is, not only their rude, irrational, and material, way of setting forth this doctrine of salvation by faith, but that when the mind of the believer advances, and requires the *ethical development* of this life of faith and love, they detain it still perpetually on the "beggarly elements."

The fault of our more liberal churches is, that they stand too unyieldingly at the point required by the ethical mind, and do not go back enough to the simple elementary doctrine of Faith required to meet the moral consciousness of the masses. This doctrine is tacitly contained in the Unitarian theology; that it is so little insisted upon is probably owing to its very self-evidence to the Unitarian mind. No Unitarian, we suppose, believes that he can satisfy the moral judgment of God by his moral *performance*. He knows that all he can offer to God is his love and aspiration. "The sacrifices of God are a broken heart." Now what we urge then is, that if we would make our services more Catholic, this doctrine must have in them a more prominent place.

But it may be objected, "This doctrine, as a great truth of absolute religion, can be insisted upon without giving it the precise form of looking through Christ, and without any sacrificial character." This is saying that the doctrine can be taught from the merely Theistic point of view. Undoubtedly it can. But surely the special distinction and privilege of *Christian* believers is, that they accept Christ as the venerated means—which has been providentially set forth to them by God—for the purpose of enabling them to *embody* all their merely abstract and Theistic beliefs in a distinct, human, and soul-impressing form. Practically, Unitarians embody their other Theistic beliefs in Christ; then why not embody also this? And the doctrine thus embodied in Christ takes directly a sacrificial character; for in setting *him* up as our ideal in which our faith and love and aspiration are centred, do we not offer up this our *ideal* to God—with our love for it—a sacrifice, instead of our perfect obedience? Do we not say to God, "Accept this ideal, this Christ elevated within us, instead of our actual performance. Do not consider what we have been, and what we have done, but what we aim to be, and what we love. Look at us through this our ideal, and be well pleased with us, not for what *we* are, but for what *it* is?" And when we have thus embodied the simply Theistic doctrine of salvation by faith and not by works, in the human form which takes Christ as the ideal of that divine life in which the faith is placed, we have penetrated, we be-

lieve, to the secret of that Christian consciousness out of which the sacrificial ideas found in the Pauline Epistles proceeded.

But we have only noticed hitherto the *upward* relation of the sacrifice by faith *towards God*, enabling him to look upon us with affection, the relation needed by the passionate sin-conscious mind ; but there is also the *downward* relation of this sacrifice towards ourselves (and on which we, as Unitarians, are perhaps more accustomed to dwell), as kindling that faith and love, and thus inspiring our whole spiritual life, the relation needed by the emotive mind. The emotive mind, having often a certain warmth and depth of spiritual consciousness excited within itself, looks at the spiritual life more particularly as consisting in *spiritual consciousness*, the essence within rather than the expression and result without, as consisting in depth and earnestness of aspiration rather than success in performance. It is more positive than negative ; relying more on actual strength and life in the higher, than a calm, cold temperance, or ascetic denial in the lower nature. We believe that a religion which appeals to this form of mind is also particularly needful for the masses ; directing their attention more to the possibilities of development of the good within them than to the despair-awakening task of repressing the bad. They want a religion which shall kindle and strengthen this spiritual consciousness within, and leave that to do its work of gradually subduing the unspiritual, rather than a religion which, calling them at once to battle with the unspiritual, makes them feel their own weakness and *its* terrible might. To this form of mind the sacrifice of Christ has its downward meaning. It sees in him that great ideal, that beauty of a divine life, which touches the affections and thus awakens the very spiritual consciousness, the faith and aspiration on which it relies.

Let us then in our Catholicity admit, that is supposing always we believe it true, though perhaps not needed for ourselves, this twofold sacrificial character in which Christ stands to us ; let us see in him the embodiment of the loved ideal which we both present to God and set up to inspire ourselves ; and we have the essence of the *doctrine* which the Lord's Supper has represented through all

Christian ages. That service will, at all events, not appear to us a mere form retained from custom, without its old meaning; whatever we may think of its peculiarities as the most desirable means of giving that meaning *expression*.

And this brings us to the second part of our subject. Having urged the necessity of a Catholicity of *doctrine*, we would now urge the necessity of a Catholicity of *expression*. We must throw away the egoism which makes us look at all expressions of faith and sentiment in the church merely from the point of our own consciousness. We know very well that persons may object to us, as we before objected to Mr. Solly, that all the *ideas* upon which we have insisted could be presented to the mind without being associated with the notion of a supper, and without the use of any visible emblems. Undoubtedly they could to those minds in which the logical understanding has attained activity and predominance. And if the church consisted, or were intended to consist, only of persons of this form of mind, let us allow for the present it might be a question whether this ordinance were not better away. But is this the fact? Ought not every church to embrace large portions of the young, the immature, the less educated, the less mentally exercised, the imaginative, too, and the sensuous? And will you, the clear-headed, the logical, the practical, not only insist upon it that every doctrine in the church, but also that every expression of that doctrine, shall be moulded to suit only your particular form of mind? Can you imagine a greater selfishness and injustice than this? And yet is not this precisely the policy of our churches in general? It is a notorious fact, we suppose, that the largest number of the less disciplined minds, the young, and, we would say it respectfully, the mind of woman, are much more capable of being affected through the pictorial imagination than through the logical understanding. The tendencies of education in England seem indeed to be to deaden the imagination in proportion as it developes the understanding. And yet it seems the rule that our services in the church must be moulded to meet only the wants and tastes of the logical mind. However common-place the sermon and prayers may be, they must not be made too imaginative for the sake of the

weak, for fear of offending the severer taste of the strong. And, curiously enough, our services seem to sacrifice the wants of the weaker minds to satisfy the taste of the stronger; and then, again, to sacrifice the wants of the stronger, in order to meet the expectations of the weaker. While we shun the imaginative, for fear of offending taste, we shun the intellectual, for fear of offending ignorance. Now we would lay it down as a canon in church policy, that if we would attach the young, and the classes whom we have grouped with them, to our public religious services, those services must make large appeals to the imagination and the affections, as well as the understanding and conscience. And, provided they do this, we believe they may always make with safety large provisions for the most thoughtful mind. We once went to hear a popular preacher, in whose discourse there was a rare mixture of poetic imagery and profound thought. We settled it in our minds, as he went on, that he was "shooting over the heads" of some, and offering "caviare" repulsive to the taste of others. The young, especially, we thought, would go home without edification. To our surprise, we found that the young were precisely those who, along with the most thoughtful, had been deeply and even enthusiastically impressed by the sermon. On careful inquiry, we gained an insight into the matter. The young had been touched by the appeals to the imagination, which those of severer minds had judged to be almost meretricious and impertinent. The more thoughtful and disciplined had been interested in the profound suggestions which the young had deemed dry and incomprehensible.

Now if we consider the predominant character of all our Protestant services, shall we wonder at the decline of religion and the dry and repulsive aspect it seems to wear in the public mind? Youth is the season when those affections which are moulded into religion are tender and active; and if the religious nature be not drawn forth in that season, there is little hope of awakening it at a later period. Is it not manifest then that all our religious services, while they respect the claims of the adult mind, should have great reference to the wants of the young? And would not truly affectionate and Christian men be

content, so that their own spiritual needs were met in the church, to endure with patience and cheerfulness somewhat that they did not need—for the sake of clothing religion to the minds of the young with warmth and reality, instead of that cold dreary unreality with which we fear it is now but too generally invested for them? And, after all, this would not be long a sacrifice, or one to be endured by many, for youth brought up in a sanctuary, where religion had gradually stolen upon them in the warm colours of imagination and the heavenly breathings of emotion, would soon grow into an adult generation which would preserve through life, from association, a hallowed and tender interest in that which had filled the early life with such rich and beautiful, as well as divine experiences. How suggestive to us of religious possibilities are the words of Tennyson!

“Well hast thou done, great artist, Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment
With royal frame-work of wrought gold;
Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,
And foremost in thy various gallery
Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls
Upon the storied walls.”

We have before shown what are the doctrinal ideas which we conceive should be commemorated by the Lord's Supper; and now the reader will understand why we would present these ideas through the *imagination* of the scene and persons connected with this hallowed ordinance. We say, present these ideas in their mere naked truth to the *understanding*, and youthful and many other minds will find them cold, dry, and abstract. Present them clothed with form and scene of human interest to the *imagination*, through the remembrance of that last supper of Christ with his disciples, with its heavenly discourse, its sublime humility, its warmth of affection, its blessed promises of comforter below and immortality above, with that real and God-like sacrifice of himself, which Christ was making at the moment he brake the bread and poured the wine, knowing that then traitors and enemies were plotting to destroy him;—present them through these moving pictures and remembrances, set

too in a framework, adorned with the associated figures and scenes of world-history,—and they come warm, rich, and living upon the heart.

We would particularly connect the doctrines which set up Christ as our sacrifice and ideal with the remembrance of that Last Supper, because in no other moment of his mortal career does Christ, it seems to us, present himself in such a sublime aspect. In no other moment do we feel that he presents for us so fully that glorious and heavenly ideal that we can offer up as a sacrifice to God and a source of inspiration to ourselves. In no other moment do such associations gather around him to excite our imaginations, and meet our affections. And it is not only that the whole meaning of Christ's own life and death has seemed to condense itself into that picture, making it, above all other pictures, fitted for the centre of Church fellowship—fitted to give us, as we contemplate the picture together, the strengthening assurance that we who meet in the present must be in sympathy,—but around that same picture we know are gathered the sympathies of eighteen centuries of the past. While gazing at it, we seem to feel ourselves lifted above the limitations of mortal time, we are occupants of the slow and solemn ages, and our sighs of penitence, and our breathings of love and worship, mingle with those of countless multitudes of all "nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues" through the rolling centuries.

We believe that this idea of Catholicity of sympathy—which is perhaps one of the grand central pillars of the Roman Church—is a grand source of trust and inspiration to a large number of minds. And this idea may still be attained by us of this analytic age, if, instead of scornfully deserting the historical Christian consciousness, we endeavour to penetrate to its spiritual essence.

And now if it be thus desirable to appeal to the imagination in any religious service, we may go on to say that whatever tends to stimulate and fix the imagination must also be of great service. Now it is really surprising to what an extent an appeal to the senses, with the great mass of persons, especially with the young, has this power. We have often been astonished in instructing the young in matters of science to find

the difference of impression made by verbal address, without any sensible representations,—even when we thought these representations from the obviousness of the ideas were unneeded,—and by addresses illustrated by even the rudest diagrams. The cause of this is no doubt manifold. In the first place, sensation in the great bulk of most minds is immeasurably more vivid than simple conception, and *stimulates* mental activity. Secondly, the imagination of multitudes, even when called into activity, is hazy and fluctuating—undecided what precise images to form, or with what filaments to begin its structure. Sensation domineers over this indecision—holds the imagination steady to certain definite forms, from which it can commence and proceed to construct its whole picture. Thirdly, the young and the popular mind is deficient in the power of concentration and persistency. No sooner has it brought an idea into the field of its attention than it lets it slip away, and allows something else to take its place. Now an object of sensation being fixed before the senses, not only holds the idea associated with it before the mind, but when that idea has once vanished, brings it back again and again; and it may thus hold it before the mind by persistency many minutes, instead of a single second, or by repetition present it there twenty times instead of once. This last element of *increased* time, during which an idea is before the attention, is, we believe, an element of immense importance in producing a strong mental impression. Let us suppose a communicant to remember during the week that next Sabbath day he shall be a partaker of the Lord's Supper. He cannot think of this without having present to his mind the whole scene, which he has witnessed, we will suppose, often before. The picture of the visible emblems comes before his mind perhaps many times during the week, bringing with it the remembrance of the associated ideas. Then during the time of Communion, the emblems are actually present, chaining his mind to the ideas; and during the ensuing week, the whole scene, with its symbols, will have made such an impression on his mind, that it will probably present itself again and again, with almost its original vividness, bringing back the thoughts and feelings of the occasion. Now it is evident that all

this *time*-advantage could not be obtained without the use of the symbols impressing the sensation.

If these principles are true, it must then be regretted that there are not more, rather than fewer, outward symbols in the Church. We would not wish to bring back the gorgeous, but often frivolous, symbolism of Catholicism, simply because we do not believe it to be the highest and truest symbolism. A large number of its forms strike us in the light of bad metaphors—far-fetched and strained. But we would have the help of true Art. We would have the Gothic edifice speaking at once to the historical memory from the distant past—reminding us that in our diviner sentiments we are not only in sympathy with those who gather around us to-day, but with past generations of the faithful who prayed and wept in temples which their piety had raised, and of which this would be a representation. We would have the painting and the sculpture presenting to the eye the forms which peopled, and the events which distinguished, that passage of history round which our Christian faith and imagination most gather themselves. We would have the symbols of the Lord's Supper not abandoned, but invested with all that grace and tender feeling can give, and made more than they have been the means of impressing on the mind and heart the grandest scene of time, and the most momentous of our Christian ideas.

We have hitherto considered the sacred rite as fitted to renew within us *ideas*, in order to afford us the inspiration which they can give to the spiritual emotions, and as fitted to give us the assurance that other minds are in sympathy with us. But we consider that there is a further meaning than even this in the service. We join in it not only to receive inspiration to the spiritual *emotions*, but to gain strength and support from a public and mutual pledge of the *will*. We not only set up Christ before us, but we give the sign of discipleship. We not only set up the great object of faith, but we make an open profession that we have this faith, and that it is our purpose not only now, but henceforth, to give up our hearts and souls to its influence. Now by this *open* expression of faith and purpose—calling others to witness—we feel that we make it more deliberate, more solemn, more powerful, to bind

itself upon us, and to haunt us with pertinacity. And as there must be some outward expression for this public pledge, none can be more effective than a visible one which, like partaking of the elements, must stamp itself upon the memory more deeply than mere words could do. It is, we are assured, the consciousness of the solemnity of this public and symbolical expression of faith and purpose that keeps from the Lord's Supper thousands who are afraid to promise what they feel they shall fail to perform. Far from considering such a feeling superstitious, we believe it to be true to the meaning of the rite; and instead of endeavouring to lessen the feeling of solemnity, we would endeavour to inspire the courage that shall bring men up to face it.

With all these considerations we can imagine a Christian man saying to himself, "I am not sure that I myself need any of these visible helps to my spiritual culture. I may suspect that for me alone they would rather be hindrances than otherwise. But if they are thus the means of carrying home the sentiments I venerate to other forms of mind than mine, then by this property they take a new interest for me. I not only tolerate them with patience for the sake of others, but I value them for the sake of myself. For now, when I look upon them, and think that the warm heart of youth, the tender love of woman, and the simple earnestness of many a toil-worn child of care, are gathered round them in faith and devotion, then my own faith and devotion are touched with a new power, and I gain through them a new accession of the inspiring breath of sympathy, and from quarters to which I looked before with most despondency."

ART. IV.—JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

1. *Two Prize Essays on Juvenile Delinquency.* By Micaiah Hill, Esq., and C. F. Cornwallis. London. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1853.
2. *Report from the Select Committee on Criminal and Destitute Children.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be Printed. June 28, 1853.
3. *Documents relating to the State Reform School of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*
4. *Reports of the Managers of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents to the Legislature of the State of New York.*
5. *Memorial of the Board of Managers of the House of Refuge, to the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.* Philadelphia. 1851.

It is a startling fact, that about 13,000 boys and girls are always in prison in England ; that is, are being trained and tutored to a life of lawlessness, degradation, and crime. For, if there be one thing more than another about which all who have the amplest opportunities of knowledge on the subject are generally agreed, it is, that the prison is not the place for a child, whatever its offence ; and that, if it enters the gates of the gaol with a precocious cunning and an unnatural defiant daring, it will come out from them more deeply skilled in the arts and mysteries of iniquity, and more confirmed in a preference for the risks, romance, and excitement of a life of crime, to the comparatively quiet and even course of honest industry and virtue. In fact, instead of a house of correction, the prison is to the young among its inmates a fatal school of depravation. In many of our prisons there is, for want of space, no possibility of classification ; old and young are mingled together indiscriminately, forming a dangerously effective association for mutual improvement in the science of crime

and the art of villany. Eagerly are the lessons of matured and hoary-headed criminals drunk in, and quickly are they followed by the saddest results. All sense of shame and all hope of improvement are extinguished. The moral blood becomes wholly tainted; the faint and feeble pulse of virtue is utterly stilled; and when the stripling's term of sentence is expired, he goes forth with faculties sharpened and skill braced up to its highest point, to exercise them with a still more determined enmity against that community which he now regards as his foe, whom it is honourable to plunder, outwit, and over-reach in every possible way. That public opinion which operates so powerfully on society generally in favour of the way of uprightness, has no influence over him. In the coverts of vice where he passes his time no such atmosphere prevails. He lives and moves and has his being with companions who admire and applaud the successful commission of crime, and laugh only at its detection. The former is the path to fame and honour; the latter is not only a misfortune, but a shame and disgrace. Thus is the erring, neglected, and sometimes starving child trained into the expert and accomplished criminal, and, from the first imprisonment, his life becomes one of incessant transitions from crime to punishment, each offence more aggravated in its character, till he ripens into the hardened villain, and ends, it may be, in being a capital felon.

Even in the most commodious prisons, where there is an opportunity for more care in separating the novice from the skilled and experienced adept, there is no scope for those kindly and elevating influences which might waken in the mind of the beginner in the mad career of crime, a sense of his folly and guilt, and stimulate the feeble desire for better things into that hunger and thirst after good, which would ensure its own reward and gratification. The atmosphere of a gaol nips the desire of improvement in its very budding. The whole arrangements, excepting only the influence of the chaplain, are addressed to the lower feelings of our nature. The power of goodness, indeed, is far stronger than that of evil, but where all the general arrangements go in the direction of fear, calling forth some of the worst passions of the mind, what can be expected from the solitary voice

and efforts of the chaplain, be he ever so faithful and earnest, — and there are many noble-minded men to whom these terms may be most fittingly applied, striving and struggling in our prisons in the face of the greatest discouragements—in the other and opposite direction, as he labours to stimulate repentance, and encourage hope, and to nourish incipient longings for a better life? Tears will sometimes flow under the power of his tender and earnest appeals; emotions of the sincerest kind will be called forth by his urgent entreaties; but this temporary feeling, of what avail is it in the end? Ask for last winter's snow—ask for last summer's leaves—ask for yesterday's clouds,—and you shall not be more certain to find that they have passed away, than that these faint and fugitive emotions have passed away in like manner, and left no trace behind.

Were there no other obstacle, the shortness of the usual periods of detention within the prison would preclude the possibility of reformation. In the year 1849, 3,026 children were summarily committed to prison in England and Wales under fourteen days, whilst 5,306 were in the same year committed for different periods between fourteen days and one month.* Such short imprisonments are all powerful for corruption, but utterly impotent for good. This is sufficiently shown by the number of re-commitments.

“According to the Chaplain of Bath Gaol, one batch of 98 children underwent, during six years, 216 imprisonments. The testimony of the head Master of the Sutcliffe Industrial School in Bath, is to the same effect. In a manuscript report for the last few months, it is stated, that three out of five lads in that school have been in gaol from one to ten times. The Chaplain of the Liverpool Gaol has stated, that, ‘out of 26 females, all of whom commenced as juveniles, he found that 25 had been in gaol on the average seven times each; the other he did not think it fair and proper to bring forward as an average example, because she had been 57 times in gaol. He found that, taking 42 individuals, male adults, at this moment (1850) in Liverpool gaol, who were first received there as juvenile thieves, the aggregate commitments

* Appendix to Report from Select Committee of the House of Commons, p. 430.

amount to 401, or $9\frac{1}{2}$ times each on an average. The average career of crime was five years and four months."*

The late Mr. Rushton, of Liverpool, in a letter to the Town Council, in February, 1850, gives the history of a juvenile delinquent, which is thus summed up by him :—

"Thus, at the age of 14, he has been twenty-four times in custody; he has been five times discharged, twice imprisoned for fourteen days, once for one month, once for two months, six times for three months, and tried and convicted, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and to be twice whipped."†

But though a boy discharged from prison is almost sure to return to it again, he seldom returns alone. Not only does he turn to account for himself the evil instructions he has received, but he becomes the teacher of others. Nothing, in fact, is more pleasant to a clever thief than to have, as his companions, other shrewd and clever boys, and to lure them on in the same criminal pursuits with himself. It at once gratifies his pride, and enables him to do business on a larger scale. We recently heard Thomas Wright, the prison philanthropist, declare, that a lad had acknowledged to him, that in the course of two or three years, he had occasioned seven or eight youths to be transported; and we have ourselves observed the pestilent influence of one daring and wicked lad, who possessed a buoyant good temper and manners that were very attractive to youths of his own age, operating, more or less, on nearly all the boys that lived near to him.

That we have not taken too unfavourable a view of the prison, in connection with young offenders, is evident from the following testimonies, given in Mr. Hill's Essay.‡

"'I have devoted now,' says Rev. W. C. Osborne, Chaplain to Bath Gaol, 'seven or eight years to this important question, and the experience I have had during that period convinces me that the gaol is not the place for the young offender; and so long as God permits me to maintain that position, I will maintain it by the most undeniable arguments and facts.'"

* Prize Essay on Juvenile Delinquency, by Micaiah Hill, Esq., p. 187.

† Appendix to Report from Select Committee of the House of Commons, p. 449.

Pp. 134—1 89.

While for good the gaol is a lamentable failure, residence there is pregnant with the very evils we would eradicate.

"The present system," says the same Mr. Osborne, 'deals with children as with adults. All the ceremonies of the law have to be regarded. They alter not. These juveniles are, when in prison, of all its inmates the most troublesome; they strut from cell to chapel, and from chapel to cell, with such an air of impudence and self-importance as is seldom seen in older criminals. Their manner and their questions in the dock, declare how the present mode of discipline operates on their minds. The expression of their conduct, if not of their lips, is of this kind.—"There's the policeman; he must mind and not ask me any questions about my offence. There's the turnkey; he is my servant to bring me my breakfast, dinner, and supper; and if he don't bring me enough, I'll send for the scales to weigh my bread and meat. There's the schoolmaster; he must give me instruction, and supply me with books. There's the doctor; he must come and ask me how I am twice a week, and every day that I want him. There's the chaplain; he must visit me frequently. And the governor must not neglect me: and the magistrates, they come twice a week, and ask me if I have any complaint to make. The officers are obliged to mind what they are about." This swells the frog into an ox.'

"The Rev. Thomas Carter, Chaplain of the Liverpool Prison, says, 'I say it advisedly, if it had been the object in Liverpool to devise a scheme for the promotion rather than the prevention of juvenile crime, no contrivance could have been hit upon better calculated to accomplish that object, than the Liverpool gaol. And yet that gaol has been held up as one of the best regulated in the kingdom, under the old system, and that, I believe, with justice; and if these are the results of one of the best regulated, I leave you to judge what must be the case of others, not so well conducted.' And again: 'Although singled out for special commendation by the inspector of prisons, the Liverpool gaol is the most effectual institution that can be devised for transmitting and propagating crime.' Mr. Osborne speaks highly of the Bath gaol, of which he is the esteemed chaplain. His words are,—'If any gaol might have been expected to have succeeded with prisoners of an early age, it was the New Bath Prison, where every facility has been supplied, and no labour was spared in the endeavour to inculcate better principles and habits, especially in children; nor were they, on their discharge from confinement, entirely disregarded.' Notwithstanding this admission, the result of Mr. Osborne's long experience is, 'once in prison, always in prison;' and it is his strong conviction that, 'although the system adopted at Bath is as good as, if not better than, that adopted elsewhere, yet our treatment of the poor destitute creatures has been, and is, most cruel, unjust, and unchristian.' 'I trust,' he adds,

'by God's help, that we shall never rest until we have rescued these perishing children from their degraded condition; and the first thing to be done in this great work, is to obtain their removal from our gaols.' To these may be added the testimony of the following gentlemen, whose judgment can be as little questioned as their experience is undoubtedly extensive. 'I think, as to children, prison discipline is incompatible with their reform.' (Mr. Serjeant Adams.) 'I am confident,' says the Rev. Whitworth Russell, 'that in the great majority of cases, the juvenile delinquent is rendered much worse, and much more dangerous to society, by imprisonment.' "

There are occasional exceptions to the rule that runs through the above testimonies, the most remarkable of which are furnished by the experience of Mr. Clay, the well-known and efficient chaplain of the Preston gaol; but they are so few that they go to establish, rather than invalidate, the general conclusion as to the utter unfitness of the prison for the work of reformation. "I have been taught repeatedly," says Mr. Clay, "that I must not look on any case as hopeless," and we would echo the sentiment. There are so many individual peculiarities to affect and modify all general principles as to the formation of human character, that we would never pass by without an effort to raise and save them, even those whose circumstances present the least ground for hope. Within the last few days we received the following letter. It refers to a young man with whom we became acquainted when he was a lad, and confined in one of our most crowded prisons as a convicted burglar. Though previous to his gaol experience he had been exposed to the worst influences, we found him not wholly hardened or devoid of good aspirations. Further intercourse increased our hope of him, and on his discharge, we sought to interest one of his near relations, a comparatively prosperous man, in his welfare; but he was so convinced, from the boy's antecedents, that the case was a thoroughly bad one, that he declined to render any assistance, and intimated his belief that we were throwing our efforts away. The youth is now become a young man, and, in the best sense of the words, is doing well in the United States of America. Regarding, as we do, that moral scepticism which distrusts all signs of goodness in the outcast and fallen, as in itself

most unjust, as well as injurious to those who cherish it, it was with considerable pleasure that we read the subjoined note addressed to us by the gentleman above referred to, concerning the nephew he once so entirely despaired of:—

“———, Jan. 10th, 1854.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a letter from R. C. to his sister, for your perusal. I do so, because I feel proud at reading it myself, and am persuaded you, who have been the principal instrument in placing him in such circumstances, after having reclaimed him from bad to good, will feel proud too.

“Allow me to say, this has taught me a lesson which, I trust, I never shall forget, namely, Perseverance. I thought Robert past all reclamation, and felt sorry at seeing the trouble and expense you and others were putting yourselves to, to help an unworthy object. Imagine, then, how happy I must feel to find your labours have not been thrown away.

“These are mere words. Have you an institution for such purposes? My means are small, and I have many calls upon my purse; but if you have, I think I could squeeze a little guinea per annum, to assist the institution, and to show my gratitude.—I am, &c. &c.”

But such exceptions, however gratifying, are very rare, and in regard to the great mass of young offenders, condemned to a felon's cell, the truth of what we have before said, rests upon an array of facts too numerous and palpable to admit of a doubt. Units may be saved, but the hundreds and the thousands are hardened and degraded, and bound as with chains of iron to their life of crime.

And yet in regard to every child under twelve years of age, and to the great majority of those under fourteen or fifteen—unless in the case of some monstrous peculiarity, removing the subject from the normal condition of humanity—we do not and cannot entertain a doubt but that a thorough, complete, and permanent reformation might be effected. From daily witnessing the fiery baptism of early impiety and impurity through which crowds of children have to pass,—the neglect and cruelty to which they are subjected,—the sights and sounds that are continually around them,—the polluted moral atmosphere they are ever inhaling, our wonder is, not that there are so many juvenile delinquents, but that there are not more,

and that the repeated and daring crimes which mark some members of the class, causing a shudder at the recital, are not the characteristic of the whole body. Juvenile crime, even when often repeated, and in forms the reverse of petty and trifling, is not at all times a proof of conscious depravity. The "Code Pénal" of France* acquits many offenders under the age of sixteen of the crime they are charged with, on the ground of their having committed it without a sufficient knowledge of right and wrong (*sans discernement*), whilst it retains them not to punish but to educate them, and put them under a kindly process of discipline that shall evoke the moral sentiments that have been allowed to remain dormant within them. This provision is not more humane than rational.

We have heard it argued, and that by persons who have to make our laws, that as it is so difficult to correct the evil-disposed among the children of the wealthy and educated, who have ever been surrounded by influences that should give sensitiveness to the conscience, and refinement to the character, it must be almost hoping against hope to look for the reformation of the erring ones, who from infancy have been subjected to all that can materialise the mind and imbrute the feelings. But all such reasoning displays a great want of consideration of the laws and phenomena of the human mind. It is because the former class have gone wrong amid so many inducements to do right that it is so difficult to reform them. Their evil choice shows a stubbornness of will which it must be exceedingly difficult to bend. They have voluntarily descended from the platform of duty, and wilfully thrown off the yoke that conscience had laid upon them. But, in the other case, there has often been no such conscious rejection of the right, no such determination to pursue the wrong; and we have no hesitation in expressing it as our opinion, that it is commonly a much easier thing to reform the childish profligates that crowd our prisons, than to correct the vicious and

* " Lorsque l'accusé aura moins de seize ans, s'il est décidé qu'il agi sans discernement, il sera acquitté; mais il sera, selon les circonstances, remis à ses parens, ou conduit dans une maison de correction, pour y être élève et detenu pendant tel nombre d'années que le jugement déterminera, et qui toutefois ne pourra excéder l'époque où il aura accompli sa vingtième année."

evil-inclined among the sons of wealth and luxury. When taken by the hand of kindness, and addressed by the voice that comes to them rich with the spirit of love, the little victims of cruelty and neglect are brought into entirely new circumstances; and, under the touch of influences so unwonted and strange, there often start into life within them susceptibilities, whose existence was undreamed of before, that may easily be nourished into a character as strong in virtue as it had previously been determined in vice. By the genial warmth of sympathy, the hard and icy crust that had grown over their young hearts becomes dissolved, and new and bright impulses start forth within them, prompting to the love and pursuit of the things that are excellent.

We rejoice that the country is at length awaking to a consciousness of the importance of this question, as well as to a full acknowledgment of the sin and shame involved in our present treatment of juvenile criminals. The conference held in Birmingham two years ago, gave a powerful impetus to the public mind. The facts and opinions there elicited from practical men, and since widely circulated, have done much to pave the way for government action on the subject, whilst in the inquiry before the committee of the House of Commons, whose report was published at the close of last session, the whole matter underwent a thorough sifting, and though various and conflicting opinions were expressed by the witnesses on minor points, there was in the essentials of the question so decided an agreement, that the committee were moved to present to the House a series of admirable and promising resolutions, recommending the establishment of preventive and reformatory institutions as the only way of dealing effectually with juvenile crime.

It is impossible now to stop where we are. The English people are, indeed, proverbially slow to move in legislation, and a truth must be long and deeply rooted in the public mind before it gains vigour enough to push itself, through all the checks and counter-checks that stand in the way, into a positive enactment among our national laws. And though it is difficult to avoid all impatience at this slowness when, as in the present case, the evil is so great and the remedy so clear, we are, on the whole,

satisfied with it as a salutary preventive of rash and injudicious legislation, and as the surest way of accomplishing thorough and permanent eradications of disease from the body politic. Since the conference at Birmingham, referred to above, many difficulties have been removed and much misunderstanding cleared away, and the large and influential attendance at the second conference, recently held in the same town, with the deep feeling of earnestness that ran through the proceedings, evinced most unmistakably the decided and rapid growth of the question during the last two years. The mind of the nation has been educated up to the point of action, and any law commensurate with the needs of the case will now be only a reflection of the wishes and the will of the intelligence and moral feeling of the whole country.

The prize essays named at the head of this article, called forth by the liberality of Lady Byron, who has long shown a benevolent interest in the reclamation of the "perishing classes," will do much to give consistency and durability to the feeling that has been excited. The first and longest of the two displays great industry and skill in collecting and marshalling invaluable facts from various sources, most of which are indicated. We cannot imagine any one rising from its perusal, even were the subject quite new to him, without a clear and deep impression as to the magnitude of the evil, and a strong desire to see it fairly grappled with by an entire change in the spirit of our legislation. The usefulness of the essay would have been greatly increased by an index, the want of which is not supplied by the numerous marginal indications of the topics discussed. There is not even a table of the chapters given. These omissions were probably occasioned by a desire to have the volume published in time for the Birmingham Conference. We have also noted one or two errors. Every reader will feel thankful for the interesting account of Mr. Nash's moral enthusiasm and unconquerable faith in his efforts to reform thieves, though, except as a remarkable proof of the possibility of raising the most degraded, and turning to a life of honesty criminals of the deepest dye, it has no right to a place in a treatise on juvenile crime. For it is a mistake to describe Mr. Nash's institution as aiming at the "refor-

mation and restoration of both juvenile delinquents and juvenile criminals after discharge from prison,"* its object being expressly confined to "the reformation of adult male criminals." From misapprehending the authority whom he quotes, Mr. Hill has also fallen into a slight error in representing the State Reform School of Massachusetts at Westborough, as for both sexes, when, in fact, it was established for, and still continues to receive, boys only. These are, however, small matters which do not affect the substance of the book, or render less valuable and important the mass of information, relative to the question in all its branches, which it contains.

The second essay, "On the Treatment of the dangerous and Perishing Classes of Society," written, we understand, by a lady, is marked by a philosophic and Christian spirit, and, with much brevity and logical force, shows that our present mode of dealing with crime is out of harmony with the great laws of nature, and that it is only by educating the destitute and criminal classes, physically, intellectually, and religiously, that we can save them from sinking lower and lower in the depths of iniquity, and convert them into worthy and valuable members of a civilised and Christian community.

One difficult problem connected with the question is thus disposed of by our author. After asserting, that in the religious teaching suitable to inmates of establishments intended for the criminal and destitute classes, all denominations of Christians would concur, she proceeds to say—

"They might wish to add more as the children grew up, but all would join in allowing that the fundamental doctrines of Christianity must be first taught, and that until you have made a child fully conscious that he has immortality before him and a God above him, no other doctrine of religion can enter the mind. To children who have never known anything beyond the worst part of this world, this first lesson will require not a little teaching, ere it will be established in the mind as a conviction which may serve as a moving motive through life; and till this conviction is established, no other instruction in religion will be available. It is only those who have lived much among the poor, and seen what is the state of the children who first come to receive instruction, who can judge how diffi-

* P. 251.

cult it is to make even this first step, and how utterly useless all attempts to teach abstruse doctrines would prove. Let any one of those who insist so much on the rights of conscience, go into a neglected district, assemble around him the wretched children who are growing up without a notion of a God in the world, and see what they are capable of understanding. If, after long endeavour, he can teach them wherein they differ from the beasts around them—can teach them that there *must* be some unseen Power to call this world into existence—can awaken a thought and a question as to their own ultimate destination, he may think himself happy, for this will lead to further progress; but how many a weary hour will he pass in bringing the neglected child even to this point!

“As a practical comment on what has been said with respect to the agreement of all religious denominations on the great truths of Christianity, I may add that the instruction of children in the Romish Church, if the priest himself be a good man, differs in no respect from that of the Protestant thus conducted.

“It was my good fortune, during a long residence near a mountain village in Tuscany, to know the rector intimately. The instruction in his Sunday school was exactly such as might have been given in any Sunday school in England; and he might have acted as a teacher in the Brook Street Ragged School, among Anglican Churchmen and Protestant Dissenters, without the least jar to any one’s feelings.”*

This principle is acted upon in America with the greatest advantage. There the wise and good, or those who may by comparison be called such, are freely invited to lend their help without any inquisitorial investigations as to their creed and denominational connections. Free scope is thus afforded for the exertions of all who feel an intelligent interest in the work, and are endowed with the peculiar aptitudes necessary to win the confidence and mould the feelings of the class to be benefited. A good deacon, who is vice-president, and one of the most active managers of the Farm School at Boston, would by an Athanasian be pronounced to be out of the pale of salvation; and we ourselves have accompanied clergymen who would be in a similar predicament to some of the Reformatories of the United States, but we should never have discovered, from their addresses to the children, what their views were as to the points in controversy between the various bodies of

* Pp. 406, 407.

Christendom. In the tenth report of the New York House of Refuge, it is said—

“The Sabbath Day is observed at the Refuge with due order and solemnity, and the desk of the chapel regularly supplied by clergymen of different denominations of Christians, who officiate alternately morning and afternoon, by whose pious and benevolent exertions, combined with those of the officers of the establishment, many of the children have been abidingly impressed, as the managers have reason to hope, with the truths of the Gospel. The intermediate time between services and in the evening is devoted to sabbath-school exercises.”

We have still much to learn in this respect, but the urgency of the subject before us is so great, and the interest in it aroused in many quarters so real and earnest, that we do anticipate much more moderation and greater forbearance on these vexed and exciting points in their application to reformatory schools. With a single-minded desire to effect the end in view, such as we are persuaded many are moved by who are engaged in this work from various theological schools, all narrow sectarian lines will be boldly cut across; though doubtless it will require a struggle on the part of some persons to break away from old prejudices and scruples. In his examination before the parliamentary committee, Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, stated it to be his intention to draw up, for the use of ragged schools, a catechism in which children of all denominations might be taught; but on being further questioned upon the point, he added: “We would, of course, draw up a catechism to which a Unitarian would not agree; I have no hesitation in saying that.” Whereupon, apparently with the view of helping the witness, Sir John Pakington suggested that “It would be a *Christian* catechism?” To which the ready response was, “Certainly.”* The honourable baronet forgot no doubt that he was thus, by implication, unchristianising the founder of Ragged Schools himself, as well as one of the most successful and disinterested promoters of ragged and reformatory schools now living, to whose efforts he referred in terms of commendation in his recent speech, when presiding over the Birmingham conference. But we will not

* Minutes of Evidence before Select Committee on Criminal and Destitute Children, p. 38.

pursue this point. At the conference just mentioned, Mr. Adderley, M. P., wisely recommended that the discussions of all the friends who long for the establishment of reformatory institutions should be directed to the practical work about which they were agreed, rather than to speculations and theories about which there would be endless differences.

In the Refuges and Reform Schools of America we may learn much, incidentally, for our guidance in the present state of the question in this country. There, the very difficulties we are now experiencing were long since grappled with, and with signal success. In his evidence before the parliamentary committee, Mr. Ingersoll, then the American minister at the Court of St. James', expressed it as his belief, that the habit of sending children indiscriminately to prison, either has ceased, or is likely soon to cease, throughout the greater part of the United States;* and in nothing is the practical good sense, as well as the religion and humanity, of the American nation more apparent than in this honourable fact.

The oldest of the reformatory institutions of the United States is that in the city of New York, which has now been in existence for the last twenty-nine years. It originated in voluntary effort. "A Society for the Prevention of Pauperism had been founded in the early part of the year 1818, by a number of influential and benevolent citizens, for the purpose, as its name indicates, of devising the best means of meliorating and improving the condition of the poor, and reclaiming the unfortunate offspring of poverty and crime. It directed its attention to the various sources from whence the evils complained of appeared to emanate. It saw in the midst of our growing city, and lamented, the sad condition of the many destitute and helpless young persons, only criminal and delinquent from the unfortunate circumstances in which they were placed.

"Born of vicious and depraved parents, living in squalid poverty, and none but the worst of examples before them, what could be expected of children thus nurtured and brought up? As soon, perhaps, as they attained sufficient physical strength, they were sent forth to beg

* Minutes of Evidence before Select Committee, p. 290.

a scanty subsistence for themselves and the indolent and degraded authors of their being ; becoming initiated in all the arts of deception and falsehood necessary to their success in procuring, in this way, the means of subsistence.

"In addition to this, the unavoidable consequence was, the practice of committing petty acts of thieving and other crimes, and their consequent arrest and committal to the City Prison or Bridewell, or to the Penitentiary at Bellevue—the only two places, at that period, to which they could be sent. Here they were confined, with old and hardened offenders in crime, long enough to be contaminated and ruined by such an association with villany.

"But little good was accomplished, and but little hope felt of making much progress in the way of reformation, while this state of things existed. It was found that the evil was deep-rooted, and difficult to be cured, unless a remedy, having for its object the eradication of early crime, could be devised. This, for the want of some proper receptacle for the young offender, was not easy to accomplish. The society, therefore, in the year 1823, appointed a committee of its members to take such steps as might be deemed most conducive to effect the desired object. After much labour in collecting all the facts from every source to which the committee had directed their attention, they, in the latter part of the year 1823, submitted, in an able and masterly report, to their associates, the result of their labours, and closed by recommending the establishment of a 'House of Refuge,' which was at once adopted, and the society assumed the name of 'The Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents in the City of New York.'

"Having obtained the favourable regard of the Legislature, so far as to secure a charter, the society next appealed to their fellow-citizens for aid. This appeal was generously responded to by donations and collections during the year 1824, of more than 16,000 dollars, the following year nearly 4000 dollars, and up to the present time (1850) to a total, by private subscriptions and donations, of nearly 27,000 dollars. The work, thus happily commenced, has steadily advanced in prosperity and use-

fulness, and the present board of managers are daily witnessing the happy exemplification of the truth, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.'*†

The following account of the sources of the society's revenue is both curious and interesting:—

"It was very soon ascertained from what sources the greatest number of subjects were received into the house. One was the children of poor emigrants arriving at this port destitute, and without the means of getting a livelihood. The Society, therefore, presented a memorial to the Legislature, asking for a portion of the passenger fund, and a law was passed granting eight thousand dollars per annum from that fund. Another prolific source of subjects furnished were the children of intemperate parents; a grant of four thousand dollars per annum from the excise fund was asked for and obtained from the Corporation of the city. A third evil was the many young persons frequenting theatres, the Circus, and similar places, often committing acts of dishonesty to obtain the means to indulge in this propensity. A law was therefore obtained from the Legislature, requiring every theatre and circus to procure a license for the privilege of performing. In case of neglect or refusal the process is a summary one. An injunction can be at once obtained, and performances prohibited until the law is complied with. The revenue arising from these three sources, amounting to from 15,000 to 16,000 dollars, together with what is received from the labour of the children, is about equal to the support of the establishment."†

The New York Refuge having been thus commenced by a private society is under the management of a board elected by the members of that society, consisting of all who from time to time join it, by becoming annual subscribers to its funds; and to the care and oversight of this board the State assigns, by an act of the Legislature, all such criminal and vagrant children as in the judgment of the legal authorities are proper subjects, giving the society full power to place the children, as soon as they are deemed fit, at whatever employments, as apprentices or otherwise, the society shall deem best suited to their years and capacities, merely requiring an annual report from the managers to the Legislature, of all such facts and par-

* Twenty-fifth Report of the Managers of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents to the Legislature of the State of New York, 1850, pp. 7, 8.

† Twenty-fifth Report, &c., p. 11.

ticulars as may tend to exhibit the effects, whether advantageous or the reverse, of the association.

When we visited this institution we saw in it nearly 400 boys and about 70 girls ; and as we observed the great care shown in all the arrangements surrounding these young persons, to obliterate the errors of the past, and give a right direction to their characters in the future—the provision for their industrial, intellectual, and religious training—the means taken to excite their hope and encourage them to pursue the path of duty ; when we marked their open, intelligent countenances, free alike from levity and a hollow seriousness, as they were busily occupied under the influence of kindness rather than fear in various useful employments ; and above all, when we heard of the large number that had been redeemed and regenerated by this treatment, we felt humiliated at the recollection of the very different sights to which we are accustomed in our English prisons, and the thought that we have as yet no similar refuges recognised by law, for the parentless, neglected or seduced child of poverty and crime, was anything but agreeable to our feelings of patriotism.*

No city in the world, perhaps, could have presented greater difficulties in the way of such an experiment than New York. Every year thousands of destitute children are thrown on its shores from the old country, who are peculiarly liable to fall into crime, and the very greatness of the evil to be dealt with would have scared any people not gifted with the indomitable energy of our trans-Atlantic brethren. Since the establishment of the Refuge, there had gone out from it, up to the year 1852, no less than 5318 young persons, three-fourths of whom, it is said, are known to have been permanently reformed, some of them occupying positions of honour and influence in the country. It is appalling to think what would have been the condition of society in the city and State of New York had these numerous offending chil-

* We thought of Parkhurst, and, had the cause of its non-success been to us a matter of doubt before, it here came clearly out before us. We saw that it was because it is a prison, and not a school. Its high walls, and its cordon of armed soldiers, while they shut the inmates securely in, shut out as surely all those humanizing influences and appeals to the better feelings, which are all-important and indispensable elements in the process of reformation.

dren been allowed, under prison contamination, to ripen into confirmed outlaws and criminals. The discipline that has led to the above happy result cannot fail to be of interest. It is thus described in one of the reports :*—

“The first operation on a boy’s entering the house is, to cleanse him, cut his hair, and put clean clothes upon him. He is then required to commit to memory the following simple precepts, namely, 1st, ‘Never to tell a lie;’ and, 2nd, ‘Always to do as well as he knows how;’ and he is not suffered to leave the presence of the superintendent until he is able to repeat the aforesaid precepts with readiness. He is also informed, that he is not in a prison, such as the Bridewell, Penitentiary, or state prison, but in a place of refuge for wicked and unfortunate children, where every effort will be made to benefit and do him good; but that it will be his duty strictly to obey and observe the rules of the house. The superintendent then places on his arm, Badge No. 1, and informs him that the crimes he committed before entering the Refuge are forgotten, and have no influence there; that he will be judged and dealt with in accordance with his future conduct, not by what it has been. If he obeys the rules, and his deportment is satisfactory, for the first month after entering the house, he is promoted the first step towards the ‘*Class of Honour*,’ and so on, until he arrives at the highest grade of distinction among his fellows. On the other hand, if his conduct is bad—disobeying the rules, and omitting to ‘do as well as he knows how,’ he receives the badges of degradation in regular rotation, from No. 1 to 4, and punishment follows of course; first by being deprived of play during the hours set apart for recreation; second, in addition to being deprived of play, he is cut off from his most favourite meal, namely, ‘the Sunday dinner.’ If these deprivations do not work a reformation, he may be confined to his dormitory in solitude, and fed on bread and water.

“The domestic rules and regulations are—At sunrise the children are warned, by the ringing of a bell, to rise from their beds. Each child makes his own bed, and steps forth, on a signal, into the hall. They then proceed, in perfect order, to the wash-room. Thence they are marched to parade in the yard, and undergo an examination as to their dress and cleanliness; after which, they attend morning prayer. The morning school then commences, where they are occupied, in summer, until seven o’clock. A short intermission is allowed when the bell rings for breakfast; after which, they proceed to their respective workshops, where they la-

* Tenth, p. 5.

bour until twelve o'clock, when they are called from work, and one hour allowed them for washing, and eating their dinner. At one, they again commence work, and continue at it until five in the afternoon, when the labours of the day terminate. Half-an-hour is allowed for washing, and eating their supper, and at half-past five they are conducted to the school-room, where they continue at their studies until eight o'clock. Evening prayer is conducted by the superintendent; after which, the children are conducted to their dormitories, which they enter, and are locked-up for the night, when perfect silence reigns throughout the establishment.

"The foregoing is the history of a single day, and will answer for every day in the year, except Sundays, with slight variations during stormy weather, and the short days in winter."*

So palpable and manifest have been the advantages of this system, that about five years ago the State of New York erected another House of Refuge, at Rochester, for the western section of the State, at a cost of about 75,000 dollars, which sum was paid from the State Treasury; and 12,000 dollars per annum have also since been paid from the same source for the support of the institution. And, besides this, a new House of Refuge is now being built, and nearly completed, on Randall's Island, City of New York, capable of containing 1000 inmates, and intended to take the place of the smaller Refuge that has been in operation so long.

This practical testimony in favour of the reformatory system, after so wide an experience, from a people fully alive to the value of dollars and cents, is most significant. It goes to demonstrate that it is not only more humane, but less expensive than the prison system, and that, here at least, "a just economy walks hand-in-hand with charity and policy."

Though all the inmates of the House of Refuge are sentenced for an indefinite period, and may be retained—the girls till they are eighteen, the boys till they are twenty-one, most of them at the end of a twelvemonth are found to be sufficiently instructed and improved to leave the establishment, and it is the business of an indenturing committee to place out as apprentices, with their own consent, the boys and girls who are considered to be prepared for this step. Among the by-laws of this

* The employments of the Sunday have been already described, p. 81.

indenturing committee, we observed one enjoining that no boy or girl should be apprenticed to a tavern-keeper or a distiller of spirituous liquors.*

When the children leave the institution they are still followed by a friendly eye. They are encouraged to keep up a correspondence with the superintendent, and their employers are applied to periodically for reports as to their behaviour. This regulation exercises a most salutary influence. The children, many of them orphans, feel they have some one to care for them, that they are not like neglected weeds cast up on life's shores to be trampled upon unheedingly by every passer-by, but cherished plants whose health and growth are watched with loving interest and regard. Such a recollection is a powerful safeguard against temptation, and encouragement to well-doing. The most gratifying accounts are continually received both from the children and from their employers, and the perusal of the Society's reports is deeply interesting, if only on account of the numerous extracts from such letters, which they all contain.

The experience of other States in the American Union in regard to this question is similar to that of New York. In Philadelphia there has been a Refuge in operation for about twenty-five years. It was a great relief to us, when in that city, little more than a year ago, to visit the Refuge, after spending half a day in the cells of the Penitentiary, where the solitary system is so strictly carried out. *There* everything was calculated to throw a gloom over the spirits, but on going to the Refuge, and seeing about 150 boys cheerfully following such employments as the binding of books, and making cane-seat maple chairs, razor-strops, and spectacle-cases; and 50 girls engaged in various kinds of sewing and household work, all feelings of despondency speedily gave way to glad and grateful emotions. It was evident at a glance

* In the Tenth Annual Report one boy is mentioned in the list of the trades to which children were bound during the year, as having been apprenticed to a cordial distiller. In explanation of this unusual circumstance, the following note is appended to the Report. "*Truth* always ends best; yet, in telling the whole truth as to the disposal of all our children, the case of the boy indentured to a *Cordial Distiller* requires some explanation. The boy was weakly and deficient in eyesight; so on application of the family, he was indentured to his brother-in-law, who is a cordial distiller. These remarks are made, to show the public, that the cause of temperance is strictly regarded by the managers in the disposition of their children."

that a work of reformation was here going on. Our subsequent intercourse with the humane and intelligent superintendent, and a careful study since then of the history and effects of the institution, fully confirmed our first favourable impressions. It appears that there have gone out from it, since its establishment, between two and three thousand young persons of both sexes, of whom as favourable a report can be given as of the inmates of the New York Refuge, that is, about three-fourths of the number have been reclaimed.

"The accounts received of many of them show not only the uprightness and respectability of their character, but their enterprise as men of business, and their worth as contributors to the welfare and advancement of the communities in which they live."*

The Philadelphia Refuge is under the management of a Board of Guardians, composed of thirty-one gentlemen, five of whom are appointed by the public authorities, and the residue by private contributors. When a youth is brought to the house the Board consider him as committed to their guardianship, and in every subsequent measure that is adopted for his discipline and instruction, this principle of guardianship, or parental oversight, is a paramount feature. Though the establishment is almost wholly supported out of the public funds, the only supervision and control exercised by the State, beyond the appointment of five of the Board of Managers, is through a law which enacts that

"It shall be the duty of the President and Associate Judges of the Common Pleas of Philadelphia county, the Judges of the District Court of the city and county of Philadelphia, and the Recorder of the city of Philadelphia, alternately, in such manner as may be arranged between them at a joint meeting for that purpose from time to time held, to visit the House of Refuge at least once in two weeks, or oftener, if to the said judges it shall seem requisite; and it shall be the duty of the judge or recorder so visiting the House of Refuge carefully to examine into all the commitments to the said House of Refuge made by the aldermen or justices that have not previously been adjudged upon by one of the said judges or recorder, which commitments it shall be the duty of the managers of the House of Refuge truly and correctly to lay before such judge or recorder;

* "Design and Advantages of the House of Refuge." Philadelphia, 1850, p. 51.

and on such examination such judge or recorder shall have produced before him by the managers aforesaid, their superintendent, or agent, the infant or infants described in such commitments, and the testimony upon which he or she shall have been adjudged a fit subject for the guardianship of said managers, or on which he or she shall be claimed to be held as such, and shall determine whether he or she be a proper subject for the guardianship of the House."

If any parent or friend of a child deems that there are peculiar circumstances calling for the giving up of such child, by a writ of *habeas corpus*, the whole transaction may be brought in review before any judge, whom the friends of the complaining party may select. The following is a decision of the Supreme Court in Pennsylvania in a case of this kind, and we quote it as authoritatively setting forth the principles which underlie the American Reformatories :—

"Per Curiam.—The House of Refuge is not a prison, but a school, where reformation and not punishment is the end. It may, indeed, be used as a prison for juvenile convicts, who would else be committed to a common jail; and in respect to these the constitutionality of the act which incorporated it, stands clear of controversy. It is only in respect of the application of its discipline to subjects admitted on the order of a court, a magistrate, or the managers of the Almshouse, that a doubt is entertained. The object of the charity is reformation, by training its inmates to industry; by imbuing their minds with principles of morality and religion; by furnishing them with means to earn a living; and, above all, by separating them from the corrupting influence of improper associates. To this end, may not the natural parents, when unequal to the task of education, or unworthy of it, be superseded by the *parens patriæ*, or common guardian of the community? It is to be remembered that the public has a paramount interest in the virtue and knowledge of its members, and that of strict right the business of education belongs to it. That parents are ordinarily intrusted with it is because it can seldom be put into better hands; but where they are incompetent or corrupt, what is there to prevent the public from withdrawing their faculties, held, as they obviously are, at its sufferance? The right of parental control is a natural but not an inalienable one. It is not excepted by the Declaration of Rights out of the subjects of ordinary legislation; and it consequently remains subject to the ordinary legislative power, which, if wantonly or inconveniently used, would soon be constitutionally restricted, but the competency of which, as the government is constituted, cannot be doubted.

As to abridgement of indefeasible rights by confinement of the person, it is no more than what is borne, to a greater or less extent, in every school; and we know of no natural right to exemption from restraints which conduce to an infant's welfare. Nor is there a doubt of the propriety of their application in the particular instance. The infant has been snatched from a course which must have ended in confirmed depravity; and, not only is the restraint of her person lawful, but it would be an act of extreme cruelty to release her from it. Remanded."

In Massachusetts, in addition to the Asylum and Farm School, and the Houses of Industry and Reformation at Boston, there were erected, about six years ago, upon a farm at Westborough, presented by a noble-hearted citizen, buildings for a State Reform School for boys, at a cost of 78,600 dollars, the whole of which sum, together with 10,000 dollars appropriated to the formation of a fund for the support of the institution, was paid out of the State Treasury. The State has further contributed for the extension of buildings, the improvement of lands, and the current expenses of the institution, as follows, viz.: In 1849, 25,000 dollars; in 1850, 22,600 dollars; and in 1851, 22,500 dollars; making a total of 158,700 dollars paid from the State Treasury to the Reform School, in a period of about five years. The gentleman (the late Hon. Theodore Lyman) to whose munificence the State was indebted for the extensive farm on which the establishment is built, gave also several large donations, from time to time, for the purposes of the school, and at his decease in 1849 it was found that he had left by his will the sum of fifty thousand dollars, to be invested as a permanent fund in aid of the maintenance of the Institution. When we visited Westborough, there were upwards of 300 boys in the house. It is more of a State Institution, and more under State control, than any we have previously mentioned—it being managed by seven Trustees appointed by the Governor and Executive Council of the State—but facility is given for the assistance of benevolent persons not officially connected with the establishment. The Superintendent, in his report for 1851, says:—

"The Sabbath school, under the chaplain's superintendence, is taught principally by ladies and gentlemen from the congregations

in Westborough. We feel much indebted to them for their manifest interest and perseverance. Many of them have not only met their classes at the usual Sabbath school session, but frequently on Sabbath evenings, for moral and religious improvement."

The experience of the Westborough School, up to the present time, accords with that of the older institutions. Whilst we were there we saw a boy taken away by a farmer to whom he had been apprenticed. In parting from the officers and the place, the lad seemed to feel that he was leaving a home and friends, and we were particularly struck with the manner in which he received the few words of encouragement addressed to him in a kind and fatherly tone by the superintendent as he was about to go away. There was a genuineness and inartificiality about the whole proceeding quite touching to witness, and we felt that those simple words would go to the heart of the youth with much greater power than any measured and formal address, however excellent in its way.

To show the success of the discipline kept up in the institution in producing contentment and obedience, we quote from a recent report of the superintendent, where he says:—"We find no difficulty in employing large numbers of boys on all parts of our farm, with the most perfect security. While thus employed, no attempt has been made to escape during the year, though we have had, on some occasions, over three hundred at work in the fields at the same time." Besides farming, the boys are occupied in mechanical and domestic employments; the former consist principally of work at shoemaking and in the tailor's shop, where all the making and repairing of the clothes and bedding of the institution is done; the latter include washing, ironing, baking, cooking, scrubbing, and miscellaneous work in the house.

There are many other establishments of a similar character in the United States, and the number is continually increasing as experience demonstrates the superiority, as regards economy as well as the higher considerations of Christian duty, of the reformatory system over that of the prison.

The most recent among these institutions that we saw, was the Reform School at Providence, in Rhode Island, which was commenced towards the end of 1850, an Act

authorising its establishment having been shortly before passed by the General Assembly of the State. The government of this school is vested in a board of seven trustees, one of whom is always the mayor of the city for the time being, and the remaining six are elected annually by the city council. It contained when we visited it, upwards of fifty boys and a few girls, and though it was impossible to refer as a proof of its efficiency to the past history of the institution, there was the same kindly aspect in the arrangements of the place, the same cheerful and willing industry on the part of the children, and the same genuine living earnestness on the part of their teachers, that we had observed in the other refuges, suggesting the confident hope that such similarity of conditions would be followed by like results. The funds for the support of the school come from the State and from the City Treasury.

There is evidently greater elasticity in the legal forms of America, admitting of adaptation to the varying conditions of different communities, than is the case in this country, and an Act can be more readily obtained, and with much less cost, from any of the State Legislatures than from the British Parliament; still there is much for us to learn from American experience on the subject before us. They have, indeed, in that country a great advantage over us, in the ready outlet they have always at hand, through which all young persons that can be recommended from the Reform schools are enabled, without difficulty, to pass on to situations, as apprentices with farmers in the country—which is the destiny of the majority—or with mechanical tradesmen in the city. There is, moreover, no prejudice against receiving them. They are not looked upon as coming from a prison. The felon-brand is not upon them; and in the course of a few years they are enabled to form homes for themselves, and to enter into those social relationships which tend so powerfully to develop and strengthen the purer tendencies of our nature, enlisting the affections on the side of virtue, and operating as the best safeguard against the inroads of vice and lawlessness. But our comparative disadvantages in these respects are on the decrease. The growing demand for labour that has been created, will make it less and less

difficult—leaving out of view the resources of emigration—to obtain situations for youths leaving reformatory schools; whilst the prejudice referred to would speedily give way before the influence of facts. Let it be demonstrated in a number of instances that such youths are worthy of trust, and very soon would that trust be reposed in the class generally, when recommended by the authorities of any of the Schools.

The main source of the life and success of the American system is to be looked for in the opportunity it gives for the exercise of voluntary benevolence and zeal. A mass of Government machinery merely, would never have done the work. There must be the living and loving hearts, moved by deep interest in the object and an undoubting faith in its practicability to guide and animate the mechanical appliances.

“Engaged in as a work of religion, to be mainly promoted and sustained by voluntary zeal, and to be wrought out by earnest men, devoted and prepared to enter on it as a mission which they have to live for, it will succeed. Taken up as a piece of Government or corporate machinery, to be carried on by a mere code of discipline, and by hired servants, who enter it solely as a calling they may live by, it will probably, and perhaps justly, fail.”* We trust that this will be borne in mind in legislating on this question for England, and though we have no hope of voluntary benevolence proving itself equal to the needs of the case, it is most important to have it working in combination with, and under the sanction of, legal authority, the one supplementing the deficiencies of the other.

We are glad to observe that the worth of the voluntary element is distinctly recognised by the parliamentary committee, in that portion of their report, in which they recommend “that power should be given to the Government to contract with the managers of reformatory schools, founded and supported by voluntary contributions, for the care and maintenance of children within such institutions.” This recommendation seems to us both reasonable and wise. Generally speaking, they

* Report concerning “*La Colonie Agricole*,” at Mettray, by Rev. Sydney Turner, and Mr. Paynter, Police Magistrate.

whose interest in the object is so real and active as to lead them to tax themselves for its accomplishment, will be the fittest and most successful agents in carrying it forward, and it would indeed be a questionable proceeding, if legislation were to cause the abandonment of such institutions as those of Red-hill, Kingswood, Saltley, and the other pioneer establishments in this great work, which have originated in private benevolence. We would rather hope that, with the countenance of the State, these establishments would be enlarged, and others like them stimulated into existence.

To us, however, it appears plainly essential to fully meeting the evil we have to contend with, that every magistrate in the country should have it in his power to commit young offenders to a reformatory, instead of to a prison. This cannot be effected by the zeal of private benevolence, or local societies. It must be the work of the Legislature. But even in regard to Reformatories established by the Government, we know of no insuperable objection to inviting the co-operation of voluntary help. Why not let the cost of their support come partly from the consolidated fund, partly from local rates, and partly from annual subscriptions? In that case certain local authorities would naturally be *ex-officio* members of the Board of Management, whilst the other members might be appointed by the Government, or by the civil authorities of the district in which the school was situated, and by the annual subscribers. We have seen some such provisions as these, hedged round by checks and limitations to make them constitutional, in a Bill drawn up for Scotland, and we can discover no good reason why such a commingling of the voluntary and compulsory elements should not produce the same good fruits in this country as in America.

But in whatever way Reform Schools be introduced among us, to enable them to effect their purpose it is necessary that there should be large discretionary power as to the periods during which the children might be retained in them. Short confinements would be of no avail. In minor cases, and for first and second offences, the young delinquents might be given up to their parents on the latter being bound for their good behaviour; but practised offenders should be made to go through a long reforma-

tory process, and we should like to see the school managers invested with power to apprentice them, with their own consent, or to arrange, when the managers considered that course preferable, for their emigration. It will be here objected that this would be to hold out a premium to parental neglect. But in the case of unprincipled parents, they get rid of all responsibility for their children at present, when they become inmates of a prison; and surely it cannot be meant that a virtuous parent would neglect his child, and brand him as a criminal, to obtain for him the privileges of a Reformatory. We believe there are but few even among the former class who would do this. "I have had a great deal to do with the wretched and dissipated classes," says Dr. Guthrie, "and I never yet knew any parent that became dissipated and wasted his means, and became a drunkard, because he knew that his child would be maintained at the public expense."

We do, however, regard it as a difficult problem, left for the present age to solve, how the State may do its duty, without running the risk of encouraging parents to throw off the responsibilities which God has imposed upon them. Let, then, the law make the parent liable for the cost, or a portion of the cost, according to circumstances, of the maintenance of his child while in the Reformatory. There would be no injustice in this. He is often the more culpable party of the two. If human law could ever be perfect, many a parent would have been punished in the place of his child, or at least would have shared in the penalty as in the crime. Many a criminal would have knelt upon the scaffold with those who had never done their duty towards him, and whose evil precepts and worse examples had taught him in early life to abandon all that is good, and plunge into all that is dark and wretched. To make therefore the neglectful parent support his child, after forfeiting to society all control over it, would not only be a safeguard against the above abuse, but a recognition of a principle in itself equitable and fair. It is true, good parents suffer sometimes the calamity of having a child whom they cannot deter from crime; but, in such a case, a parent would be thankful to contribute to his child's support, in an institution where his waywardness might be corrected, and his character reformed.

We have not left ourselves room to speak of the causes

of juvenile crime, but we cannot close these remarks without expressing our belief that no measure will be competent to its repression, that does not deal with the mendicant classes. Between juvenile mendicancy and juvenile crime the partition is very thin, and continually shifting. The beggar of to-day, if he have wit enough, will be the pickpocket of to-morrow. Here and there great destitution sends these little ones out into our streets, but far more commonly they are the busy, and—owing to a weak and misguided charity that gives its pence as idly as the thistle flings its down upon the winds—not unsuccessful agents of profligacy and crime. Vagrancy is at present an offence against the law, but the power of detention as a punishment for its commission is too limited for good. We would make every child wandering our streets without lawful occupation and living on beggary, liable to be taken before a magistrate, who, in default of satisfactory security from the parents or guardians, should have power to send the child to some approved Reformatory or School of Industry, where he should be detained till, in the opinion of the managers, he has been sufficiently educated in knowledge and habits of industry, to be fit to go out into the world without undue risk to himself or danger to society. In the majority of cases the parents of such children would feel it as a great punishment to be thus deprived of their earnings. We have tried in vain to get some of this class of children to attend a daily ragged school, where they might have obtained food as well as education. When we have overcome that love of idleness, which a wandering life is sure to beget, so far as to make the children themselves willing to go, the parents have after a short time interfered, and compelled them to keep away and follow their former pursuits. One woman hypocritically complained that the distance of the school—less than a mile—was too great for her boy, though at the same time she was sending him out daily to beg in all parts of the town. We lately saw the little fellow, just as the severe weather set in, plying his trade, his clothing having been purposely torn into ribbons, that the feelings of passers-by might be more strongly excited by his exposure to the cold. Of course the wretched woman was unwilling to give up the proceeds of her son's occupation. This

would be the feeling generally with such parents ; but as a further check to boys being sent out to vagabondize as a qualification for the Reformatory, the cost of the children's maintenance whilst there, should, as in the cases mentioned above, be recoverable from their parents or guardians.

We trust that the coming Session of Parliament will witness a beginning, at least, of a new course in our treatment of juvenile offenders. Nothing can be more unchristian, nothing can, in fact, be more inhuman, than to seize them in the name of justice, and then place them in circumstances that will sink them lower and lower in the depths of misery. In most cases they are objects of commiseration, rather than punishment. They have been more sinned against than sinning. We are all very much what example and education have made us. The youthful mind has been compared to a sheet of unsullied and unwritten paper, and the future manuscript depends much upon the characters early written there. If the opening paragraphs contain a record of ill example copied, and evil passions unchecked, such will in general be the materials of the history that follows, and the substance of the sad and solemn tale. If, on the other hand, the introductory passages be a memorial of good example enforced, and noble principles instilled, the conclusion in general will correspond with the beginning, and it will be the history of a pure heart and a useful life. Let, then, the deep interest we take in the instruction and moral welfare of our own children be extended to the victims of helpless ignorance and criminal neglect. Let us write upon their young hearts the injunctions of Virtue, and enable them to feel the blessedness of obeying her voice. Let the brotherhood of humanity dictate duty to our minds, and inspire sympathy in our breasts, and constrain us to remember that it is not the will of our Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

ART. V. — THE POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD,
AND OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

1. *The Strayed Reveller and other Poems.* By A. London: B. Fellowes. 1849.
2. *Empedocles on Etna and other Poems.* By A. London: B. Fellowes. 1852.
3. *Poems.* By Matthew Arnold. A New Edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1853.
4. *Poems.* By Alexander Smith. London: David Bogue. 1853.

It would be unfair to Mr. Arnold to measure him only by the edition of his poems he has last given to the world; but on the other hand his mode of publishing is a little unfair to the public. In a new edition bearing the author's name, previously concealed, one naturally expects to find embodied, if not all, at least all the best poems contained in the previous impressions. So far is this from being the case in the present instance, that the "New Edition," while it repeats a great mass of inferior matter, omits from its pages much that gave value to the older ones, and replaces this omission by new poems almost invariably of inferior merit. We are not willing to believe that Mr. Arnold has arranged this last volume as a deliberate selection of his best efforts. Its form must have been influenced by some other motive; but whatever may have been the exigencies of the author, they result very unfavourably to the purchaser, who is obliged to buy either a part of the poems only, or many of them twice over. Those whose resources are not unlimited, will perhaps do best to possess themselves of the second set of poems by "A." in preference to either of the other two volumes.

It was necessary to dispatch this little preliminary quarrel with Mr. Arnold in order to come to his poems with a heart freed from any rankling sense of injury. Once taken in hand, his book must bring genuine pleasure to every one whose judgment it is worth a man's while to interest. Mr. Arnold measures himself too justly to claim a place

among the kings of song, but below the topmost heights of Parnassus lie many pleasant ranges and happy pastures, among whose denizens he may enjoy a not ignoble rank. He starts from a vantage ground rare in these days. He possesses the uncommon and valuable conviction that poetic art has its nature and its rules which admit of being studied with advantage. Nor does he want the more intrinsic attributes of a poet. A keen and refined sense of beauty, sometimes finding its expression in phrases of exquisite felicity, a mind and artistic faculty, trained, and disciplined to reticence, and an imagination of considerable scope and power, are no mean qualifications.

One of the few observations worth noting (if it be worth noting) in that strangely barren work, the "Life and Letters of Byron," is one in which his Lordship maintains that there are qualities in poetry closely corresponding with those which distinguish the gentleman in life, and that the same sort of vulgarity may be found in the false assumptions of art as in those of the world. Now Mr. Arnold's are eminently the poems of a gentleman, and what is, perhaps, part of this characteristic, they are thoroughly genuine and sincere, the author is always himself and not a pretence at any one else; there is no affectation, no strained effort, no borrowed plumage; he presents himself without disguise, and without false shame; is dignified, simple, and self-restrained. If not always profound, at least he does not affect profundity; his strokes bring his thought or sentiment out clear and decisive; he is never guilty of false show and glitter, and those who have read some of our modern poets, will recognise the inestimable comfort of not having to press through an umbrageous forest of verbiage and heterogeneous metaphors in order to get at a thin thought concealed in its centre. There is artistic finish too in his verse (though, as we wish hereafter to remark, not in his conceptions); not the finish of high polish, but the refined ease and grace of a taste pure by nature and yet conscientiously cultivated. Hence instead of congratulating ourselves that we have read him, we find a pleasure in actually reading him, and take him up again and again with undiminished freshness and enjoyment. Partly it is that he does not make too great a demand upon us; his light free

air refreshes us. Instead of being hemmed in by that majesty and terror which make the vicinity of the Alps oppressive, we stroll with lighter hearts on breezy heaths and uplands. Like Wordsworth, Mr. Arnold owes part of his charm to the very absence of deep and engrossing feelings in his nature.

A considerable portion of these poems are self-descriptive, or more properly, self-betraying. These owe their interest chiefly to any fresh indication they may afford us of the tone of feeling and mode of thought prevalent among some of our recent Oxford scholars. Mr. Arnold will perhaps be startled to hear that he belongs to an unchristian school, but we hasten to assure him that by saying this we do not mean to charge him with a limited faith in the eternity of punishment, or with nourishing views of his own on baptismal regeneration, or even declining to rest implicit confidence on the verbal inspiration of the Bible. We don't feel it to be our duty, in the phrase of angry brother clergymen, to give him an opportunity of explaining his views on these or any other similar important links in the orthodox manacles. We are indifferent as to whether he overbalances himself towards faith or towards works, and not anxious to inquire into his exact place among the three subdivisions of the three main classes of the "Edinburgh." We are looking at the matter from the reverse point of view from that gentleman who said, "Newman on the Soul" was a horribly atheistic book, but that Thomas Carlyle's works contained nothing contrary to sound Christian doctrine.

Probably, however, an error in dogmatic convictions can alone entitle us to call a man unchristian in his views; and that it would be more correct to say that Mr. Arnold is of a *non-Christian* school. "Oh, how shocking!" exclaimed a lady, on hearing a certain sonnet of Wordsworth's read aloud; "he'd rather be a Pagan!" And so Mr. Arnold (or his Muse, for it is with the poet not the man we deal) prefers to be a Pagan. In art the Greek is his model, and happily has he sometimes caught the clear Attic note. He is not a modern Greek like Shelley, nor an imitative scholar, but he has familiarised himself with Athenian poetry until the echo rings in his ears, and though when he is most himself he

is least Greek, he often, both in force and expression, moulds himself, half consciously and half unconsciously, upon the impressions with which his mind is saturated. One might choose something more exactly in point than the following, but nothing more beautiful.

“Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame.
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-cloth’d frame.

“Not here, O Apollo !
Are haunts meet for thee,
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea.

“Where the moon-silver’d inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice !

“On the sward, at the cliff-top,
Lie strewn the white flocks ;
On the cliff-side, the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

“In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull’d by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets,
Asleep on the hills.

“—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom ?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower’d broom ?

“What sweet-breathing Presence
Out-perfumes the thyme ?
What voices enrapture
The night’s balmy prime ?—

“’Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, The Nine.
—The Leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

“They are lost in the hollows.
They stream up again.
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train ?—

"They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road.
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.

"—Whose praise do they mention?
Of what is it told?—
What will be for ever.
What was from of old.

"First hymn they the Father
Of all things; and then
The rest of Immortals,
The action of men.

"The Day in its hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The Night in its silence,
The Stars in their calm."

But though in his art Mr. Arnold is Greek, the thought and general feeling of his pieces are tinged with a more modern heathenism.

The greatest intellect of modern times cannot but have had an influence on modern thought even in the English Universities. There is nothing about Goethe in the Articles of the Church of England, and undergraduates at Oxford may read him with impunity. His philosophy and his practice have found echoes—confused and uncertain enough—but still easily recognisable in many English, even many Oxford, minds. We don't allude to his pantheistic tenets, for no sworn member of our English Church can be infected with these; but to his Philosophy of Life—the philosophy which says life is the art of self-development, and claims that we should devote ourselves to conscious self-formation without ulterior object, which would have the nature of a man revolve on its own axis, and treats religion as a step in education, and not the highest step. This is the philosophy which lies hidden in the centre of many an English mind, and it has received an impulse from a very different and less generally suspected quarter. Where Goethe stepped with conscious searching eyes, the mild egotism of Wordsworth led him without thought or clear perception of his whereabouts. His self-occupation was too simple and complete

for him to be conscious of it. It was quiet, inoffensive and unlimited. The most important thing in the world was the cultivation of William Wordsworth for himself, the next important thing his cultivation for the sake of mankind. Goethe puts quietly on one side that central spirit of the Christian revelation which makes the dependent affections the highest element in our nature, and places our noblest attainable life in that service which is perfect freedom. He would have us all patent digesters, or rather assimilators, of knowledge and experience; and, indeed, his vast ranging genius and cold temperament made him, if any man, capable of the independent position he assumes. But feebler minds that strive to hold this place are constantly and painfully reminded of their own insufficiency. They "stretch weak hands," not "of faith and prayer," but of the self-distrust begotten by frequent failure, and of the dismay and heart-sinking that arise from finding their steps are not right onward to the proposed goal, but wavering, sliding, too often retrogressive. Their affections, whether strong or weak, out-balance their will: they suffer from all the short-comings of their philosophy, and have not the heart to avail themselves of its consolations, such as they are. Goethe, as Mr. Arnold himself says in one of his finest poems,

"Was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness."

But to few is it given to taste such happiness. Few have the will and fewer yet the power to sever those threads which knit them up in the common bond of humanity. Some cold tempers there are which can stand aloof and quietly survey the field of circumstance. They quarrel neither with their own short-comings nor those of others; all that is, is if not well, at least not to be helped; they are indifferentists, calm and apathetic ruminators. They lie down in life and chew the cud of destiny. They have opinions; but whether they are true they don't know, nor does it much signify; things must take their course. They are phenomena and content to be phenomena, and they

rarely harass themselves with any stronger feeling than that of a gentle contempt for others. Mr. Arnold is far from being of this class, his nature is too genial to permit it, but he is touched with the barren doctrine that it is a man's business to be investigating and following the "Law of his being," and that therein lies his road to rest and happiness; he yearns to walk by sight, and kneels idolatrously to wisdom, and sings of Fate and "Unknown Powers" that control the destiny of man; but in such wavering strains, and mixed sometimes with thoughts so much higher, that it is not easy to estimate what real hold the Oxford sublimates of Goethe has upon his mind. Like others of his school, weary of the internecine war of self, his troubled eyes turn to Nature, and he sees in the calm routine of physical nature something that contrasts so peacefully with the jar of his own endeavours, that he not only seeks the soothing balm of loveliness and freshness that she pours into our wounds, but he gives a moral significance to her invariable round of operations, and personifies her as the ideal of voluntary obedience to the law. So vivid is his personification, and so warm his reverence, that it far outpasses the limits of our sympathy and admiration.

"Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

"And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
'Ye who from my feeble childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end.

"Ah, once more,' I cried, 'ye Stars, ye Waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew:
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you.'

"From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer—
'Would'st thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll.
For alone they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unobservant
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

"O air-born Voice! long since, severely clear
A cry like thine in my own heart I hear.
'Resolve to be thyself: and know, that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery.'"

Perhaps it is hardly fair to quarrel so much with Mr. Arnold's personal philosophy, when his poetry is so much better. He brings this sort of observation on himself however, by inflicting so much of the subject-matter of it upon his readers. His pages are crowded with personal poems when he has it in his power to write others infinitely superior to them. He must pardon us for saying that his own sensations and emotions are scarcely varied and profound enough, his philosophy and meditations on life scarcely valuable enough, to make a poetry employed in developing them capable of deeply moving and widely profiting the public mind. The intricacies of his intercourse with Marguerite are certainly not good love poems, and rarely anything better; and his mourning notes over the perplexities and distracting influences thrust upon the heart and mind in this

"Strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its head o'er-tasked, its palsied heart—"

are apt to degenerate into mere bewailments. It is the part of a true and manly poet to raise us above these troubles. We seek him, not to be reminded of our shortcomings and imbecilities, but to be lifted into a clearer air which may revive our spirit and purge our eyesight for a

new and more vigorous contest in the dusty plain. And Mr. Arnold can do this for us if he will. His fine, often exquisite sense of beauty, his power of felicitous narration, his command over varied sentiment and feeling (he has not attempted the delineation of violent passion), open a field to him where he might occupy not only a high place, but one peculiarly his own. Wordsworth and Tennyson have both left a tinge of their peculiar characteristics in the fountain of Mr. Arnold's poetry, and there is something very charming in having poems analogous to the short narrative or descriptive pieces in which Tennyson so often revels, less gorgeous and rich in their beauty, but at the same time less turbid and sensuous, and purified by something of the quieter insight and higher refinement of Wordsworth. They are like Greek wine mingled with water for a draught. In saying this we might convey a false impression if we did not add that Mr. Arnold is no mere compound; everything he writes is perfectly his own; he has no trace of a copyist, his genius is truly original and individual, and the resemblances we advert to are, partly, only the legitimate and perfectly assimilated influences of minds with which he has come in contact, and yet more perhaps the traces of other influences so widely and subtly dispersed that they may be called epidemic.

"Tristram and Iseult" is by far the most pleasing of these *quasi* narrative poems, and, on the whole, the best thing in these volumes; and the mould in which the story is cast, though at the first glance a little perplexing, is ingenious, and has a charm of its own. No extract can, or ought to be able to give any idea of a connected story, but we cannot help indulging ourselves with this delightful picture of "Iseult with the white hands," as she watches by the bed of the sick Tristram.

"What Knight is this, so weak and pale,
Though the locks are yet brown on his noble head,
Propt on pillows in his bed,
Gazing seawards for the light
Of some ship that fights the gale
On this wild December night?
Over the sick man's feet is spread
A dark green forest dress.
A gold harp leans against the bed,
Ruddy in the fire's light.

I know him by his harp of gold,
 Famous in Arthur's court of old :
 I know him by his forest dress.
 The peerless hunter, harper, knight—
 Tristram of Lyonesse.

“What Lady is this, whose silk attire
 Gleams so rich in the light of the fire ?
 The ringlets on her shoulders lying
 In their flitting lustre vying
 With the clasp of burnish'd gold
 Which her heavy robe doth hold.
 Her looks are mild, her fingers slight
 As the driven snow are white ;
 And her cheeks are sunk and pale.
 Is it that the bleak sea gale
 Beating from the Atlantic sea
 On this coast of Brittany,
 Nips too keenly the sweet Flower ?—
 Is it that a deep fatigue
 Hath come on her, a chilly fear,
 Passing all her youthful hour
 Spinning with her maidens here,
 Listlessly through the window bars
 Gazing seawards many a league
 From her lonely shore-built tower,
 While the knights are at the wars ?—
 Or, perhaps, has her young heart
 Felt already some deeper smart,
 Of those that in secret the heart-strings rive,
 Leaving her sunk and pale, though fair ?—
 Who is this snow-drop by the sea ?
 I know her by her mildness rare,
 Her snow-white hands, her golden hair ;
 I know her by her rich silk dress,
 And her fragile loveliness.
 The sweetest Christian soul alive,
 Iseult of Brittany.”

“Sohrab and Rustum” is a fine poem, but less to our taste. Mr. Arnold's forte is description, but here there is a little too much of it. The poem is too long for the action : but throughout the diction is stately and sustained, and the ornament and imagery rich, and in keeping with it. Yet it interests us more by the mode of its narration and its decorations, than by the inner kernel of sentiment and action. It is more like a fine carving than

a good picture. One merit it has which is very rarely to be found in its author. It is conceived as a whole and executed as a whole, a poem—not a piece of joinery. We wish Mr. Arnold could be prevailed on to bestow more pains on some of the main requisites of his art. If he would read his own preface with attention, he might profit by some excellent observations contained in it. No man ever insisted more strongly on the excellence of wholeness and of a due subordination of details to the main composition, on the importance of the choice of a subject and the careful construction of the poem; few men have ever more systematically disregarded their own preaching. It is the one great and prominent defect of these poems that they give the reader no satisfaction as poems, but only scattered rays of enjoyment. Mr. Arnold's conceptions want force and unity: what is worse, they sometimes want substance. His minor poems especially, even when delighting us most, are apt to leave us with a sense of shortcoming, arising from the want of unity in their thought, or some hidden weakness in their conclusion. They are full of flaws. Take the following poem for an example.

"Yes; in the sea of life enisl'd,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.
The islands feel the enclasping flow,¹
And then their endless bounds they know.

"But when the moon their hollows lights
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing,
And lovely notes from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour;

"Oh then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
—For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent.
Now round us spreads the watery plain—
Oh might our margins meet again!

"Who order'd, that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?

Who renders vain their deep desire ?
 A God, a God their severance rul'd ;
 And bade betwixt their shores to be
 The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea."

The main sentiment and the expression, none will deny to possess beauty, but how abortive the conclusion ! To have our expectations raised by the queries in the last verse, and then to be put off with an indefinite deity repeated twice over, as if that solved the whole matter—this is a little too trying ; not all the significance and rich cadence of the one last line can restore our equanimity. Again, in "Tristram and Iseult," it is wonderful how Mr. Arnold's sense of completeness could fail him so utterly as to allow him to conclude with a totally new and disconnected story lying at a tangent to the circle of his original one.

Hazlitt, speaking of painting, says that the "English school is distinguished by what are called *ébauches*, rude, violent attempts at effect, and a total inattention to the details or delicacy of finish." This is applicable to modern English poetry, and Mr. Arnold has done good service by the practical protest that his own poems afford against this hasty glaring style. He has both delicacy and purity of finish, and this is one thing which makes his book such agreeable reading. In this respect his classical education and tastes have stood him in good stead ; and it is disappointing to find them exercising so disproportionately small an influence over the form of his conceptions and the choice of his subjects.

So fully is Mr. Arnold himself aware of the importance of this latter point, that he has excluded one of his larger poems from the last edition on the grounds that the situation embodied in it is one from which no poetical enjoyment can be derived. Apropos of this, and of some difference with his critics, as to the field afforded by ancient subjects for the exercise of modern art, he has written a preface in which he develops a theory of poetry, defends the ancients as models for the artist, and rebukes the false pretensions of the age and of his own critics—but distantly and politely. He is a little sore ; but he keeps a steady countenance. "Non me tua turbida terrent

dicta," he says, "Dii me terrent et Jupiter hostis." He is not afraid of them. We have as little respect for the critics as Mr. Arnold, perhaps less, and are quite at one with him as to the false pretensions of the present age, so we will confine ourselves to a few words upon the earlier part of his preface.

Here again it is the leading idea which appears to be defective, while the subordinate observations are many of them extremely just and valuable. His love for the Athenian Drama has misled Mr. Arnold. He has rightly pointed out its most prominent feature when he says that it delineates great *actions*. But he goes on to tell us that great actions can alone afford the subject-matter for excellent poetry. This is not so. It is the main defect of the Greek tragic art, the measure of its shortcoming, that it advanced thus far and no farther; that in its development it rigidly subordinated everything to the delineation of some great action. This Mr. Arnold thinks its highest glory. He quotes Aristotle (as conclusively as a lawyer does Coke on Littleton), to prove that our love of poetry is based on the pleasure we take in any imitation or representation whatever; a poetical representation, however, he says, must be one from which men can derive enjoyment, for Hesiod says that the Muses were born that they might be "a forgetfulness of evils, and a truce from cares;" and Schiller says that "All art is dedicated to joy, and there is no higher and no more serious problem than how to make men happy." Thus it is required of the poet, that he should add not only to the knowledge but also to the happiness of men. The eternal objects of poetry, among all nations and at all times, Mr. Arnold goes on to say, are human actions. Hence the highest poetry concerns itself with the selection of such actions as in their delineation shall give the highest pleasure. Now all this appears to us narrow and false. It is a limitation necessarily required indeed, if we are to give the highest place in the history of poetic art to the Greek drama, but not otherwise. Without venturing to contradict Aristotle, we may certainly say that the poetic art is not limited to the representation of human actions, in however wide a sense we may employ the term. We have poems to the Lesser Celandine, to a Mouse, to the Skylark—nay, we

have abundance of pieces which involve no picture of any thought or sentiment of the poet himself, but are purely descriptive of natural objects. Will it be said that the action here delineated is that of the poet in delineating? This is as if we should say the picture of a flower was the picture of the artist painting it; and, at any rate, we should then have in a poem whose subject is an action in the ordinary sense—two actions delineated, one the operation of the artist, the other the action he has chosen for his subject, and it is the latter alone with which we are now dealing. And an action is not only not the sole, it is not the highest, subject of the poetic art. Man is higher than his actions, and it is in the representation of the whole man that the romantic drama soars far beyond its classical rival. In Sophocles the action is predominant, and the characters are interesting as they elucidate it. In Shakspeare the characters are predominant, and the events gain their main interest from the insight which, by their aid, the poet contrives to give us into some human heart. Types of passion and sentiment suffice for the Greek, he clothes abstractions in broad if not life-like outlines; but the Englishman must represent the varied forms which these same passions and sentiments assume in given individual men. There is no doubt that the easiest and most effective mode by which the poetic art can interest men, is through the sympathy of the passions, and that these can only be displayed in some action; but this is not the highest interest that art can afford. On the stage, and for some time even in the closet, it is some special scene that interests us in a great play, some crisis in the action—Lear howling to the winds, or Macbeth towards his design creeping like a ghost; but the more cultivated our taste, and the more intimate our knowledge of the work, the more does our interest centre upon the whole character, and it is the vivid images of the represented men and women—the noble credulous Moor—the keen, crafty Richard—it is Imogen, Juliet, Hamlet, who live in our hearts and memories, and afford the highest pleasure that art is capable of yielding. We thoroughly coincide with Mr. Arnold in his criticism on Shakspeare, and in the necessity of that due subordination of expression to the perfecting of the main conception. But we should scarcely acquiesce in the grounds on which

he bases his dicta. Let poetry be what it will, it is valuable to draw a distinction between it and art. Poetry creates, art moulds these creations into the highest forms of which they are capable. The poet moves from an instinctive impulse *quà* poet, *quà* artist he employs this impulse for a remoter purpose. It is art, to quote Mr. Arnold's quotation from Goethe, that is "*Architectonicè* in the highest sense." A man may be a greater poet than artist—Shakspeare was such a one; he may be a far greater artist than poet, such was Goethe. In all this Mr. Arnold agrees; indeed, he says almost the same thing; but he makes the attainment of pleasure the highest test of art, and, what makes the matter of interest here, uses it for the eduction of practical consequences. This is to introduce the doctrines of utilitarianism, exploded from the field of morals, into that of æsthetics. True art never fails to bring enjoyment, as good morals never fail to bring happiness; but the artist is going as far wrong as the moralist if he makes the enjoyment his work is calculated to afford to others, the test and object of his labours. Art seeks the highest, and the rules that lead to the highest admit of no such simple and narrow a gauge.

As to the choice of ancient subjects, we will only just say that, quite acquiescing in the poverty and groundless assumption of the doctrine which would limit the poet to modern interests, it is yet true that the points on which we can touch the ancient world with sufficient closeness to embody in art the materials it affords, are few, and require much tact and skill in the avoidance of the Scylla and Charybdis which beset them—the danger, on the one hand, of making them hybrid and untruthful, by the admixture of modern ideas, and that, on the other, of finding them too remote not only from the interests of the reader, but, what is more important, from the sympathies of the poet himself. More than this, the higher you go in art, the fewer are these points of contact. Restrict yourself to great actions and single exhibitions of the "permanent passions," and the task is less difficult, but to delineate a complex individual character as it existed in ancient Egypt, would be hard, to say the least of it. "Mycerinus," we confess, falls dead on our ears.

We will do Mr. Arnold the justice to let the last

words be his own, and on a field more congenial both to himself and us.

“ MEMORIAL VERSES.

“ Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
But one such death remain'd to come.
The last poetic voice is dumb.
What shall be said o'er Wordsworth's tomb ?

“ When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bow'd our head and held our breath.
He taught us little : but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw
Of Passion with Eternal Law.
And yet with reverential awe
We watch the fount of fiery life
Which serv'd for that Titanic strife.

“ When Goethe's death was told, we said—
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the Iron Age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear—
And struck his finger on the place
And said—Thou ailest here, and here.—
He look'd on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power ;
His eye plung'd down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life ;
He said—The end is everywhere :
Art still has truth, take refuge there.—
And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

“ And Wordsworth !—Ah, pale ghosts ! rejoice
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world convey'd,
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.

Wordsworth is gone from us—and ye,
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we.
He too upon a wintry clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round :
He spoke, and loos'd our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth ;
Smiles broke from us and we had ease.
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again :
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth return'd : for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
The freshness of the early world.

“ Ah, since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force :
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?
Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel ;
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah who, will make us feel ?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by ?

“ Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
O Rotha ! with thy living wave.
Sing him thy best ! for few or none
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.”

Of Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH we have not a great deal to say. He belongs to the firework school. He falls upon us in glittering showers, red, blue, and white stars, which vanish into airy nothing, and are succeeded by others; now he delights our eyes with the rapid whizz of a Catharine wheel, and then explodes with a burst of crackers. He fires blank cartridge, and has a fine glow

like Bengal lights. His business is neither with thought nor feeling, but with imagery, *pur et simple*. His object is to be amazing, not consecutive. He is exactly like a kaleidoscope, every two or three lines he turns himself round, and, *presto!* all the bits of glass run into new shapes and contrasts of colour, beautiful and glittering, but without much connection with what has gone before. Yet this, perhaps, is too mean a simile, for Mr. Smith is *grandiose* and magniloquent. Nothing can be too large or too extravagant. His forte is a power of unbounded exaggeration. One of his habits, and it is not quite peculiar to him, is to dilate the proportions of old fancies. He takes a simile and multiplies it by ten, and seems to think that its intensity is increased in the same proportion. Thus many poets have used the image of a sceptre or a crown to denote how high a price they were willing to pay for some given object. Mr. Smith is more lavish, he measures by "a hundred sheaves of sceptres," or by "a planet's gathered crowns." This reminds us of a lady who improved on the expression of armies or legions to denote quantity, and used to speak of a "hundred thousand barracks" of things. Wordsworth has the fine line, "Come weak as is a breaking wave." But Mr. Smith says, "My heart is weak as a great globe all sea." Weak he may be; but this is to be very weak indeed. A pause in conversation is a "ghastly chasm in the talk," and we hear of poets "blanching the braggart cheek of the world." Most men, our author tells us, are "shut by sense from grandeur." His readers are in the reverse case.

What, then, does this author possess? Something he must have to recommend him to his many readers. He has a vivid sense of external beauty; still more, he has a wonderful wealth of diction; and, above all, an unexampled genius for the detection and reproduction of those sort of analogies on which depend the beauty of similes. Of the art of making similes, varied, striking, and sometimes even significant, Mr. Smith is a master. Still his fancy, though naturally rich and varied, is confined by the poverty of the rest of the mind, and runs within narrow limits ever and ever the same sparkling round. Of him that terrible French sentence, quoted by Mr. Arnold, is terribly true—*Il dit tout ce qu'il veut, mais malheureusement il n'a rien*

à dire. He not only has nothing to say, he does not seem to wish to say anything. He appears seriously to believe that poetry is the art of collecting and arranging descriptions and similes. "Our chief talk," says the poet, who is the hero of Mr. Smith's "Life Drama,"—

"Was to draw images from everything,
And images lay thick upon our talk
As shells on ocean sands."

We can well believe it. His personages lead the conversation up to similes, and, if that fails, ask for them still more definitely. Mr. Wilton is an elderly country gentleman, with a capital cellar. This is what he says:—

"Rain similes upon his corse like tears—
The youth you spoke of was a glowing moth,
Born in the eve and crushed before the dawn."

And then all the company take their turn at it. The youth in question is a hydrophobic young man who, being disappointed in his poetical ambition, "foams at God, and dies." There is one good simile made on him.

"Mine is pathetic,
A ginger-beer bottle burst."

This little bit of wit, and very good wit, is the only enlivening thing in the poem, and as this extends over two hundred pages, they are happy who have not got to review it, and can put it down when they are tired. Yet, that there are persons who enjoy this sort of reading, the sale of these poems has proved beyond dispute. Perhaps they are read because they demand no effort whatever from the reader. The mere sense of beauty is gratified; rich and often beautiful imagery (however deformed by an extravagance and bombast that give one actual pain) comes crowding, line after line, like the pageantry of a stage procession. For the first few phrases, and, indeed, as long as one can nourish the hope that this gorgeous dress contains anything, one thinks it delightful. Soon the endless and empty repetition becomes wearisome, and, before long, intolerable. The Drama of Life is in the school of Festus; but Festus, with all its turgidity, has vigour and ideas, if not profound thought or insight. A man may, perhaps, do without thought. Byron had

none, but he had passion and a wide experience. But Mr. Smith has neither thoughts, sentiments, nor experience. He has been compared to Keats, but Keats is solid and coherent in comparison, and had, too, a far subtler and wider-ranging sense of beauty. This is mere confectionery. A man rises from it like one who has supped, "not wisely, but too well," on trifle.

The only genuine sentiment that appears in the whole of this book is a passionate longing to be a poet. Mr. Smith does, indeed, attempt to pourtray the passion of love, but from hearsay evidently. His are but shallow and gorgeous descriptions of that sort of thing, which some modern novelist has well hit off as consisting in the lovers "looking in one another's eyes, and combing one another's hair with their fingers." There is nothing either refined or natural in Mr. Smith's description of love. It is merely a selection of hyperbolical phrases of passion. But he appears to have a true and genuine desire, however frantically expressed, to be a poet. His writing shows, at least, an ardent love of beauty, and a keen ambition for fame. In spite of the weakest sentimentality about the mission of the Poet, and fabulous notions about setting the Age to music, there may be greater depth than these brilliant bubbles indicate. Supposing this work to be the efflorescence of very early youth, it is yet possible that a sedulous education and patient thought, and, above all, long silence, may enable the author to command materials in some degree worthy of the power of expression he has here displayed. The flattering reception he has had may have the happy effect of stimulating him to higher and more patient effort; it may have the unfortunate consequence of confirming him in the impression that he is already capable of writing a great poem.

ART. VI.—WAYLAND'S LIFE OF JUDSON :
CHRISTIANITY IN BURMAH.

1. *A Memoir of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D.D.* By Francis Wayland, D.D.
2 vols. 8vo. London. Nisbet. 1853.
2. *The Second Burmese War. A Narrative of the Operations at Rangoon in 1852.* By William F. B. Laurie.
London. Smith, Elder and Co. 1853.

THE American Foreign Missions date their rise from Dr. Judson, and the spirit that marked his career, the greatness of his labours, the glory he attained, were well fitted to raise to the highest pitch the zeal of his nation in religious enterprises which appeal so much through the imagination to the conscience and the heart. His self-devotion and his success associated the undertaking in all minds with reality and nobleness. It was indeed his promptitude which first committed his countrymen to this great cause, almost by surprise and against their will; and afterwards his Christian heroism that endeared it to them for ever.

Adoniram Judson was born in Malden, Massachusetts, in 1788. As a youth he was chiefly remarkable for a restless and unsettled ambition, a thirst for distinction without definite purpose or direction. His nature was apparently casting about for its work and its place, until one strong impulse determined his destination. Dreaming of distinction, and not knowing where to find it, Buchanan's "Star in the East," a production in which missionary sacrifice and adventure were represented under the most romantic and passionate colouring, afforded the spark that inflamed his whole being. From that moment his election was made, and the fire of his youth burned, not fitfully, till the last hour of life. He inoculated several of his fellow-students in the Andover Theological Seminary with the same spirit, and the result was, after a time, the presentation of the following remarkable paper to the

ecclesiastical body with which they were connected, in which the pledge of a life-offering is given by very young men in the calmness and sobriety with which it was afterwards redeemed :—

“The undersigned members of the Divinity College respectfully request the attention of their reverend fathers, convened in the General Association at Bradford, to the following statement and inquiries :—

“They beg leave to state that their minds have been long impressed with the duty and importance of personally attempting a mission to the heathen ; that the impressions on their mind have induced a serious and, as they trust, a prayerful consideration of the subject in its various attitudes, particularly in relation to the probable success and the difficulties attending such an attempt ; and that, after examining all the information which they can obtain, *they consider themselves as devoted to this work for life*, whenever God, in his providence, shall open the way.

“They now offer the following inquiries, in which they solicit the opinion and advice of this Association. Whether, with their present views and feelings, they ought to renounce the object of Missions as either visionary or impracticable ; if not, whether they ought to direct their attention to the Eastern or the Western World ; whether they may expect patronage and support from a Missionary Society in this country, or must commit themselves to the direction of an European society ; and what preparatory measures they ought to take previous to actual engagement.

“The undersigned, feeling their youth and inexperience, look up to their fathers in the Church, and respectfully solicit their advice, direction, and prayers.”

No ecclesiastical body could suppress such a spirit as this, and the result of the application was the immediate formation of a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in connection with the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches. As yet, however, no organisation existed for such purposes, no wide-spread zeal, no machinery for collecting the necessary means of support. Accordingly the *Prudential* Committee, in a spirit that seems somewhat to smack of their very singular name, sent Mr. Judson in the first place on a mission to London, apparently with the view of ascertaining to what extent the Missionary Society there, by accepting him as their *spiritual* contribution to the objects of the society, would give the American brethren a control over his mis-

sion without any very definite responsibility for his support. The London Society showed the utmost readiness to engage Mr. Judson in their own service, but no disposition whatever to conduct a joint enterprise with America upon such terms. He returned therefore, sure of success so far as he was concerned, with the promise of an engagement from the London Society if he chose to accept of it, and with a power of enforcing his adoption by the American Board, borrowed from the disgrace which his abandonment would entail upon them. They did not hesitate, nor should we have any reason to mark their course with the slightest tone of disrespect, were it not that the resentments which some individuals felt and expressed at thus being hurried into action were, years afterwards, when he had achieved his fame, when he had totally forgotten their existence, if ever they engaged his attention at all, remembered and gathered up and cast in his face, and patiently admitted by this good man, as proofs that he had once, for undue forwardness and unbecoming conduct in his youth, been subjected to the censure of a public board.

In February, 1812, Mr. Judson and five fellow-labourers were ordained as missionaries to the heathen in Asia. On the previous day he was married to Anne Haseltine, a woman of a spirit as noble as his own, and whose services to the mission were scarcely less valuable, and twelve days afterwards, with Mr. and Mrs. Newell, joint partners in their work, they sailed from Salem for Calcutta. On the voyage Mr. Judson and his wife became Baptists, but all the small heart-burnings which came of that circumstance we shall pass by. The most important event that arose out of the change was the formation of a Foreign Mission which it necessitated on the part of the Baptist body in America; and thus, whether by accident or design, he was the instrument of committing his countrymen to these great undertakings, and when he had got them to put their hand to the plough he was one who would not permit them to leave it standing in the furrow. He was received with great cordiality by the Baptist British Mission at Serampore, a cordiality for which he was in nowise indebted to the change in his Denomination. The East India Company, however, were

in those days no friends to missions ; like other despots they were afraid that new ideas might stir slaves to insurrection, and the foreigners received summary orders to leave their dominions. He with difficulty made his escape to the Isle of France, and Penang appearing a favourable scene for his labours, he had no means of reaching it but by the circuitous route of Madras, where he was again exposed to the intolerance of the East India Company. No vessel was in the harbour for Penang, and as his arrival was immediately reported to the Governor-General, rather than await the not uncertain result he embarked in a vessel bound for Rangoon, and thus Providence itself, rather than his own choice, determined Burmah, from which his heart never afterwards swerved, as the field of his labours, his sufferings, and his victories.

The Burman Empire, at that time lying between British India on the West, and Siam and China on the East, had Thibet for its Northern, and the Bay of Bengal for its Southern boundary. It had two good sea-ports, Rangoon on the Eastern, and Bassein on the Western branch of the great Irrawadi River. This river is navigable for large vessels from Rangoon to Ava, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. How far it may be navigable above Ava has not been accurately determined. Two wars with England, in 1824 and in 1852, have since despoiled Burmah of Arracan and the Tenasserim provinces on the West and East, and of the Kingdom of Pegu on the South, depriving it of its two sea-ports, Rangoon and Bassein, and leaving Prome as its most Southern limit. The government is a despotism, with a regular and complicated system of administration, however, which only subjects the people to a long gradation of petty tyrants. "No public functionary receives any fixed salary. The principal officers of state are rewarded by assignments of certain districts, from the inhabitants of which they exact as much as they are able. Inferior officers are paid by fees, emoluments, perquisites, together with all that can be collected by extortion and bribery. Each of these officers exercises judicial functions within his own district, an appeal lying to the next highest in office. Bribery is universal, and it rarely happens that a criminal is punished, if he is able to satisfy the rapacity of the officers

before whom he is arraigned. The judges take bribes from both sides, and the decree, except in very palpable cases, will be in favour of him who pays the highest." Under such a government, the virtues do not flourish, and the character of the people is represented, under a most unfavourable light, as vicious, deceitful, sensual, and cruel. From the numerous details that are given of Mr. Judson's intercourse with individuals, we should not have supposed that this dark colouring was extensively deserved, but rather that they were a people naturally simple, affectionate, and impressible. Whenever they are spoken of in general terms, however, they are uniformly described as utterly depraved, without principle and without pity. The religion of Burmah is Buddhism. The difficulty of obtaining any clear, definite views of the nature of Buddhism is not relieved by anything contained in these volumes. It is probable that Buddhism in Burmah exists under its lowest type, and Mr. Judson seems to have had little appreciation of it except as a system of mere Atheistic Fatalism. "According to Dr. Judson's views of Buddhism, it acknowledges no moral governor of the universe, and though the doctrine of future rewards and punishments is one of the great pillars of the system, it recognises no executive power, no supreme judge, no agent or minister of justice. The whole destiny of the infinitude of souls passing from one state of existence to another is adjusted by the ceaseless turnings of the unerring wheel of Fate. Hence Guatama himself (the last Buddh) endured the punishment of sins committed in previous states of existence—"the sixteen great results of guilt"—even during his deityship." It would seem even to be doubtful whether the highest state of bliss to which it is possible to attain is, in the estimation of a Burman, annihilation or repose. Dr. Judson regarded the state of *Nigban* "as nothing less than a total extinction of soul and body. He was aware that the original Sanscrit word *Nirvana* has a very different signification; but he knew also that this signification—absorption in deity—is peculiarly abhorrent to Buddhists. Buddh is their deity, and they recognise no superior. From the circumlocution incidental to the honorific language of the Burmans, it is sometimes difficult to ascertain their precise meaning. No Burman, for

instance, ever says the King or the Priest is dead. It would be disrespectful to say so. For the same reason, they would not say broadly that a Buddha is extinct, that he ceases to exist. He reposes. At the same time they readily acknowledge that he is devoid of sensation, passion, emotion, and thought; that he neither takes cognizance of the devotion of his worshippers, nor is capable of extending to them any benefit. They teach that all existence bears within itself the elements of change, suffering, disease, decay, and death, and that, *therefore*, Nigban,—exemption from these evils, these fundamental principles of existence,—is the only true good." This view of Buddhism, so far as relates to Burmah, seems to be confirmed by the following conversation of Mr. Judson with his teacher of the language, in his first recorded attempt to introduce Christian ideas into a native mind, in which the ground he takes for final banishment from God is so painfully narrow that our sympathies go along with the teacher, who said that his 'mind was very stiff' against such notions.

"Sept. 30, 1815.—Had the following conversation with my teacher, as nearly as I can recollect it. This man has been with me about three months, and is the most sensible, learned, and candid man that I have ever found among the Burmans. He is forty-seven years of age, and his name is Oo Oungman. I began by saying, 'Mr. J. is dead.' Oo.—'I have heard so.' J.—'His soul is lost, I think.' Oo.—'Why so?' J.—'He was not a disciple of Christ.' Oo.—'How do you know that? You could not see his soul.' J.—'How do you know whether the root of that mango tree is good? You cannot see it, but you can judge by the fruit on its branches. Thus I know that Mr. J. was not a disciple of Christ, because his words and actions were not such as indicate a disciple.' Oo.—'And so all who are not disciples of Christ are lost?' J.—'Yes, all, whether Burmans or foreigners.' Oo.—'This is hard.' J.—'Yes, it is hard, indeed; otherwise I should not have come all this way, and left parents and all, to tell you of Christ.' He seemed to feel the force of this, and after stopping a little he said, 'How is it that the disciples of Christ are so fortunate above all men?' J.—'Are not all men sinners, and deserving of punishment in a future state?' Oo.—'Yes, all must suffer in some future state for the sins they commit. The punishment follows the crime as surely as the wheel of the cart follows the footsteps of the ox.' J.—'Now, according to the Burman system, there is no escape; according to

the Christian system, there is. Jesus Christ has died in the place of sinners, has borne their sins: and now, those who believe on him and become his disciples are released from the punishment they deserve. At death they are received into heaven, and are happy for ever.' *Oo.*—'That I will never believe. My mind is very stiff on this one point, namely, that all existence involves in itself principles of misery and destruction. The whole universe is only destruction and reproduction. It therefore becomes a wise man to raise his desires above all things that exist, and to aspire to *Nigban*, the state where there is no existence.' *J.*—'Teacher, there are two evil futurities, and one good. A miserable future existence is evil, and annihilation or *Nigban* is an evil, a fearful evil. A happy future existence is alone good.' *Oo.*—'I admit that is best, if it could be perpetual; but it cannot be. Whatever is, is liable to change, and misery and destruction. *Nigban* is the only permanent good, and that good has been attained by Guatama, the last deity.' *J.*—'If there be no eternal being you cannot account for anything. Whence this world, and all that we see?' *Oo.*—'Fate.' *J.*—'Fate! The cause must always be equal to the effect. See, I raise this table. See, also, that ant under it. Suppose I were invisible, would a wise man say the ant raised it? Now, fate is not even an ant. Fate is a word; that is all. It is not an agent, not a thing. What is fate?' *Oo.*—'The fate of creatures is the influence which their good or bad deeds have on their future existence.' *J.*—'If influence is exerted there must be an exerter. If there be a determination, there must be a determiner.' *Oo.*—'No, there is no determiner; there cannot be an eternal being.' *J.*—'Consider this point, it is a main point of true wisdom. Whenever there is an execution of a purpose, there must be an agent.' *Oo.* (after a little thought) —'I must say that my mind is very decided and hard, and unless you tell me something more to the purpose I shall never believe.' *J.*—'Well, teacher, I wish you to believe, not for my profit but for yours. I daily pray the true God to give you light, that you may believe. Whether you will ever believe in this world I do not know; but when you die I know you will believe what I now say. You will then appear before the God that you now deny.' *Oo.*—'I don't know that.' *J.*—'I have heard that one Burman, many years ago, embraced the Portuguese religion, and that he was your relation.' *Oo.*—'He was a brother of my grandfather.' *J.*—'At Ava, or here?' *Oo.*—'At Ava he became a Portuguese; afterwards went to a ship country with a ship priest, and returned to Ava.' *J.*—'I have heard he was put to death for his religion.' *Oo.*—'No, he was imprisoned and tortured by order of the emperor. At last he escaped from their hands, fled to Rangoon, and afterwards to Bengal, where they say he died.' *J.*—'Did any of his family join him?' *Oo.*—'None; all forsook him; and he

wandered about, despised and rejected by all.' *J.*—'Do you think that he was a decided Christian, and had got a new mind?' *Oo.*—'I think so, for when he was tortured hard, he held out.' *J.*—'Did he ever talk with you about religion?' *Oo.*—'Yes.' *J.*—'Why did you not listen to him?' *Oo.*—'I did not listen.' *J.*—'Did you ever know any other Burman who had changed his own for a foreign religion?' *Oo.*—'I have heard that there is one now in Rangoon who became a Portuguese; but he keeps himself concealed, and I have never seen him.'—Vol. i. p. 136.

The Buddhist priesthood, unlike the Brahminical, is of no family, or hereditary caste. Any man may enter upon its offices, and become a layman again without disgrace. It has no national support, but depends on the free-will offerings of the people. The priests perambulate the streets with their rice-pots in their hands, taking what is given, which, however, must not be in money, and never turning their heads or looking to see how much the offering is. They cannot be said to perform any religious services for the people, and their only teaching function is that of instructing the young. They are men living apart in monasteries, and set aside to the observance of ascetic austerities. Buddhism, in fact, seems to resolve itself into a deification of the human intellect, and to produce only the negative results of such a system. As a theory of morals it is remarkably pure, indeed a rigid system of relentless retribution. But there is nothing to touch the affections—not even a personal lawgiver or judge who could be moved to sympathy—no return, no penitence, no forgiveness. The following is Dr. Wayland's account of its moral results:—

"The punishments which it denounces against sin are awful beyond conception; and the rewards of obedience are as great as the authors of the system could imagine. For the least aberration from rectitude the consequence is pain only less than infinite. It, however, in no case that I have seen, makes any allusion to repentance. After one sin, the being is for ever helplessly under condemnation, unless he can attain to annihilation. It presents no way of escape for the sinner by means of an atonement. It is a pure system of law, with its rewards and punishments, without relenting, without pardon, and without hope for the guilty.

"It remains to consider what has been the practical effect of this system upon the mind of man. It is a system, it will be remem-

bered, devised to govern the moral conduct of a race of sinners. Hence, the impossibility of avoiding its penalties is at once evident. Do what we will, conscience must convict us of grievous moral imperfection, involving the necessity of ages of suffering, without the certainty of any eventual escape. Under such a system the mind sinks down in utter helplessness. When there is no escape from punishment, the difference between ten millions and twenty millions of transmigrations is not capable of being appreciated. Virtue and vice, in our imperfect state, are therefore hardly capable of being distinguished from each other in their results. Thus the system which seems to have exhausted the human faculties in conceiving terrors which should deter us from sin, is practically found to have created against it no barrier whatever.

"The result was such as might have been expected. While the law of Guatama forbids us to take the life of any animated being, the Burmans are bloodthirsty, cruel, and vindictive beyond most of the nations of India. Murders are of very common occurrence, and the punishment by death is inflicted with every aggravation of cruelty. While licentiousness is absolutely forbidden, they are said to be universally profligate. While the law denounces covetousness, they are, almost to a man, dishonest, rapacious, prone to robbery, and to robbery ending in blood. The law forbids, on all occasions, treachery and deceit, and yet, from the highest to the lowest, they are a nation of liars. When detected in the grossest falsehood, they indicate no consciousness of shame, and even pride themselves upon successful deceit. An amusing instance of national want of faith occurred towards the close of the former Burman war. On the 3rd of January, 1826, the Burman commander-in-chief and one of the high officers of the empire signed a treaty with Sir A. Campbell, and required fifteen days' truce, for the purpose of sending the articles to Ava, for the sanction of the Emperor. The fifteen days elapsed, during which, in violation of the armistice, they were busily engaged in strengthening their defences, and the ratifications did not arrive. Hostilities were recommenced, and the Burman general was, in unexpected haste, driven from his head-quarters. When the British entered the fort, they found the English and Burman copies of the treaty in the state in which they had been signed, they never having been transmitted to Ava. In the military chest was also found thirty thousand rupees in silver. Sir A. Campbell sent the copies of the treaty to the woon-gyee (commissioner), with a note, stating that he supposed he had merely forgotten them in the hurry of his departure from Maloun. The woon-gyee answered, with much coolness and good-humour, 'that in the same hurry he had also left behind him a large sum of money, which he was confident the British general only waited an opportunity of returning.'"

—Vol. i. p. 118.

To this we may add the testimony of Mr. Judson :—

“ Let those who plead the native innocence and purity of heathen nations visit Burmah. The system of religion here has no power over the heart, or restraint on the passions. Though it forbids, on pain of many years’ suffering in hell, theft and falsehood, yet, I presume to say, there is not a single Burman in the country who, if he had a good opportunity, without danger of detection, would hesitate to do either. Though the religion inculcates benevolence, tenderness, forgiveness of injuries, and love of enemies—though it forbids sensuality, love of pleasure, and attachment to worldly objects—yet it is destitute of power to produce the former or to subdue the latter in its votaries. In short, the Burman system of religion is like an alabaster image, perfect and beautiful in all its parts, but destitute of life. Besides being destitute of life, it provides no atonement for sin. Here, alas, the gospel triumphs over this and every other religion in the world.”

There had been an English Baptist Mission at Rangoon, and the unoccupied Mission-house still remained, in which Mr. and Mrs. Judson found shelter; and this seems to be nearly all the advantage they derived from their predecessors. They were now in the circumstances on which their hopes had so eagerly rested; they had arrived on the field of their labours; they were in the midst of an idolatrous people, and their work lay before them. But how was it to be performed? Amid the religious enlightenment and flourishing churches of America, imagination had exalted the glorious enterprise of spreading the knowledge of Christ over dark lands, and winning new kingdoms for the Gospel. And now the preliminary obstacles are all vanquished, and the ambassador of God stands face to face with the Heathen. Is this what he had anticipated? Does not the reality mock the dream? His foot is on Heathen soil, his eye falls everywhere on Heathen usages, Heathen idolatries, Heathen morals,—but where is the career of splendid service that he had visioned for himself? How shall they hear without a Preacher? But the preacher knows not a word of their language. Long years must pass, before any intellectual communication can be opened between them—and longer still before there can be any certain interchange of ideas upon the deep things of the soul. The Missionary reaches the scene on which his life is to be spent, for which he has

abandoned home and country,—all that ambitious men prize, and all that luxurious men desire,—not to enter upon his glorious work and give a vent to the long-imprisoned enthusiasm—but to commence his education, to go to school and learn a language! It must be true devotion that can meet this arrest with patience, endure the weary drudgery, and abate neither heart nor hope. Our reverence for Mr. Judson is at no time higher than during those slow years of grammars and dictionaries, which he passed in the strong faith that they were not barren, but full of the promise of Gospel fruit. He arrived at Rangoon on the 13th July, 1813. After the lapse of a year and a half, he writes,—“There is not an individual in the country that I can pray with, and not a single soul with whom I can have the least religious communion. I keep myself as busy as possible all day long, from sunrise to late in the evening, in reading Burman, and conversing with the Natives. I have been here a year and a half, and so extremely difficult is the language—perhaps the most difficult to a foreigner of any upon the face of the earth, next to the Chinese—that I find myself very inadequate to communicate divine truth intelligibly. I have in some instances been so happy as to secure the attention, and in some degree to interest the feelings, of those who heard me; but I am not acquainted with a single instance in which any permanent impression has been produced. No Burman has, I believe, ever felt the grace of God: and what can a solitary feeble individual or two expect to be the means of effecting in such a land as this, amid the triumphs of Satan and the darkness of death? The Lord is all-powerful, wise, and good; and this consideration alone always affords me unfailing consolation and support.”

At the end of another year he speaks yet more moderately: “I just now begin to see my way forward in this language, and hope that two or three years more will make it somewhat familiar; but I have met with difficulties that I had no idea of before I entered on the work.—When we take up a language spoken by a people on the other side of the earth, whose very thoughts run in channels diverse from ours, and whose modes of expression are consequently all new and uncouth; when we find the letters and words all totally destitute of the least

resemblance to any language we had ever met with, and these words not fairly divided and distinguished as in western writing, by breaks, and points, and capitals, but spun together in one continuous line, a sentence or paragraph seeming to the eye but one long word ; when, instead of clear characters on paper, we find only obscure scratches on palm leaves, strung together and called a book ; when we have no dictionary and no interpreter to explain a single word, and must get something of the language before we can avail ourselves of the assistance of a native teacher, *hoc opus, hic labor est.* — I long to write something more interesting and encouraging to the friends of the Mission ; but it must not yet be expected. It unavoidably takes several years to acquire such a language, in order to converse and write intelligibly on the great truths of the gospel. Dr. Carey once told me that after he had been some years in Bengal, and thought he was doing very well in conversing and preaching to the natives, they, as he was afterwards convinced, knew not what he was about. A young missionary, who expects to pick up the language in a year or two, will probably find that he has not counted the cost. However, notwithstanding my present incompetency, I am beginning to translate the New Testament, being extremely anxious to get some parts of the Scripture, at least, into an intelligible shape, if for no other purpose than to read, as occasion offers, to the Burmans I meet with." How forcibly, yet how meekly and lovingly this preparatory drudgery of a missionary's life is brought before us in the words that follow :—" I beg your prayers, that while I am much occupied in words and phrases, and destitute of those gospel privileges you so richly enjoy, in the midst of your dear church and people, I may not lose the life of religion in my soul." Another year and a quarter has to elapse before he is enabled to say, " I have been visited by the *first* inquirer after religion that I have ever seen in Burmah. For although in the course of the last two years I have preached the gospel to many, and though some have visited me several times, and conversed on the subject of religion, yet I have never had much reason to believe that their visits originated in a spirit of sincere inquiry. Conversations on religion have always been of

my proposing, and though I have sometimes been encouraged to hope that truth had made some impression, never till to-day have I met with one who was fairly entitled to the epithet of *inquirer*. As I was sitting with my teacher as usual, a Burman of respectable appearance, and followed by a servant, came up the steps, and sat down by me. I asked him the usual question, where he came from, to which he gave no explicit reply, and I began to suspect that he had come from the Government-house to enforce a trifling request, which in the morning we had declined. He soon, however, undeceived and astonished me by asking, 'How long will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?' I replied that such a question could not be answered. If God gave light and wisdom the religion of Jesus was soon learned; but without God, a man might study all his life long, and make no proficiency. 'But how,' continued I, 'came you to know anything of Jesus? Have you ever been here before?' 'No.' 'Have you seen any writing concerning Jesus?' 'I have seen two little books.' 'Who is Jesus?' 'He is the Son of God, who pitying creatures, came into this world and suffered death in their stead.' 'Who is God?' 'He is a Being without beginning or end, who is not subject to old age or death, but always *is*.' I cannot tell how I felt at this moment. This was the first acknowledgment of an eternal God that I had ever heard from the lips of a Burman. I handed him a tract and catechism, both which he instantly recognised, and read here and there, making occasional remarks to his follower, such as, 'This is the true God,—this is the right way. I now tried to tell him some things about God and Christ, and himself, but he did not listen with much attention, and seemed anxious only to get another book. I had already told him two or three times that I had finished no other book, but that in two or three months I would give him a larger one, which I was now daily employed in translating. 'But,' replied he, 'have you not a little of that book done, which you will graciously give me now?' And I, beginning to think that God's time is better than man's, folded and gave him the first two half sheets, which contain the first five chapters of Matthew, on which he instantly rose, as if his business

was all done, and having received an invitation to come again, took leave. Throughout his short stay he appeared different from any Burmans I have yet met with. He asked no questions about customs and manners, with which the Burmans tease us exceedingly. He had no curiosity, and no desire for anything but more of this sort of writing." And even after this, more than two years have to be added before all these anxieties are rewarded by a single convert. Not till six years after his arrival in Rangoon is the Burman Apostle in circumstances to make this entry in his journal: "We have had the pleasure of sitting down for the first time to the Lord's table with a converted Burman; and it was my privilege—a privilege to which I have been looking forward with desire for many years—to administer the Lord's Supper in two languages." During this long waiting, not his patience only, but his faith and hope were worthy of an Apostle. We know nothing that breathes more fully the noblest spirit of Christian piety, devout, long-suffering trust than this message to expecting friends at home impatient for brilliant results, or at least some results, to sustain perhaps the flagging zeal of those practical men in America, who, as each year's contribution was demanded, asked grudgingly *what had been done*, and were little in the habit of sowing for such distant harvests.

"If any ask what success I meet with among the natives, tell them to look at Otaheite, where the missionaries laboured nearly twenty years, and not meeting with the slightest success, began to be neglected by all the Christian world, and the very name of Otaheite began to be a shame to the cause of missions; and now the blessing begins to come. Tell them to look at Bengal also, where Dr. Thomas had been labouring seventeen years (that is, from 1783 to 1800), before the first convert, Krishna, was baptized. When a few converts are once made, things move on; but it requires a much longer time than I have been here to make a faint impression on a heathen people. If they ask again, What prospect of ultimate success is there? tell them, As much as that there is an almighty and faithful God, who will perform his promises, and no more. If this does not satisfy them, beg them to let me stay and try it, and to let you come, and to give us our *bread*; or, if they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the *Word of God* to sustain it, beg of them, at least, not to prevent

others from giving us bread ; and, if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again.—This climate is good—better than in any other part of the East. But it is a most filthy, wretched place. Missionaries must not calculate on the least comfort but what they find in one another and their work. However, if a ship was lying in the river, ready to convey me to any part of the world I should choose, and that too with the entire approbation of all my Christian friends, I would prefer dying to embarking. This is an immense field, and since the Serampore missionaries have left it, it is wholly thrown upon the hands of the American Baptists. If we desert it, the blood of the Burmans will be required of us.”—“In encouraging other young men to come out as missionaries, do use the greatest caution. One wrong-headed, conscientiously-obstinate fellow would ruin us. Humble, quiet, persevering men ; men of sound, sterling talents, though perhaps not brilliant, of decent accomplishments and some natural aptitude to acquire a language ; men of an amiable, yielding temper, willing to take the lowest place, to be the least of all, and the servants of all ; men who enjoy much closet religion, who live near to God, and are willing to suffer all things for Christ’s sake, without being proud of it—these are the men. But oh ! how unlike to this description is the writer of it.”—Vol. i. pp. 140—6.

His daily life during these six years consisted in the almost unintermitting study of the language, broken only by such opportunities as he could imperfectly employ of entering into conversation with the natives. Seated with his books, or his teacher, in the open Mission-house, he did what he could to catch the attention of the passers-by, and turn to its intended account his growing knowledge ; whilst Mrs. Judson, who made more rapid progress in the conversational use of the language, gathered around her a small band of listeners and disciples from among the women and children. Ill health had occasioned the loss of nearly a year of that time. He tried the effects of a sea voyage, but was driven about by contrary winds from port to port, and after great suffering with difficulty found the means of returning to Rangoon. Having now the command of the language so as to be able not only to communicate with the people, but to defend his proceedings before the officers of the Government if occasion should arise, he resolved upon bolder measures for preaching and conversion. The Mission-house was in a retired situation, opening upon no public road, and affording

them few opportunities for passing interviews and conversations with those who would rest for a moment or take shelter from the sun, attracted by the open doors and strange appearance of the foreign teacher. He succeeded in obtaining a favourable situation for this kind of action, and erected what the Burmese call a *zayat*, a place of public resort. The danger of this measure was, that it challenged the notice of the Government. Foreign religions were not prohibited in Burmah to foreigners, but a native could desert the faith and worship of his country only at the peril of his life. Mr. Judson was no longer a solitary labourer who might be unobserved; other missionaries had been sent from America to join him, and by the liberality of the English Mission at Serampore a printing press had been established at Rangoon, which was now sending out short tracts, catechisms, and translations of portions of the New Testament among the Burman people. Mr. Judson's native teacher had been severely threatened for assisting a foreigner in making books subversive of the religion of the country, and defended himself on the ground that he merely taught the language and had nothing to do with the publications. Under these circumstances Mr. Judson resolved upon the bold course of proceeding to Ava and laying a petition at the 'golden feet' of the Emperor. There existed some reason for supposing that the monarch was not indisposed to admit some innovations upon the established religion; at all events, as was constantly whispered to him by his trembling hearers, if he submitted his case to "the owner of the sword," the "lord of life and death," he would, if at all successful, be more likely to be freed from the capricious tolerance of viceroys or governors. A peremptory order from the viceroy, at the instigation of some native priests, that no one "wearing a hat, shoes, or umbrella, or mounted on a horse, should approach within the sacred ground belonging to the great pagoda," which amounted to an exclusion from all their usual places of resort, at once emptied the *zayat* of its terrified visitors, and left no safe alternative but to seek the protection of the Emperor. Dr. Wayland argues that this measure was a virtual abandonment by Mr. Judson of his allegiance to his divine Master, in submitting to

the jurisdiction of man the right and duty of preaching the free gospel. He puts the case in this form : Can we properly ask one man to permit another man to obey God? But this is to mistake Mr. Judson's view. He was acting on grounds of mere expediency, but not foregoing for a moment the higher ground of right and obligation if the lower failed him. Surely he was quite wise in obtaining the Emperor's sanction if it was practicable to do so, and thus freeing himself from the persecution, or precarious tolerance, of subordinate officers. There is not the least reason for supposing that, if the sanction had been directly refused, he would have abided by the decision. The following account is given of their appearance before "the golden feet," and its results. The petition is drawn up with great skill, and exhibits no mean power of wrapping up the dangerous point of a matter in general phraseology. They had, not very judiciously perhaps, chosen for their present to the Emperor, the English Bible, in six volumes, covered with gold leaf.

"The scene to which we were now introduced really surpassed our expectations. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the farther avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade, which the emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude, and Moun'g Yo [a friend from Rangoon] whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall, as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended, in solitary grandeur, exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an Eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly rivetted our attention. He strided on. Every head excepting ours was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us—'Who are these?' 'The teachers, great king,' I replied. 'What, you speak Burman—the priests that I heard of last night? When did you arrive? Are you teachers of religion?

Are you like the Portuguese priest? Are you married? Why do you dress so?' [They wore the yellow robe of the native priests]. These and some other similar questions we answered, when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed upon us. Moung Zah [a minister of state] began to read the petition, and it ran thus:—

“The American Teachers present themselves to receive the favour of the excellent King, the sovereign of land and sea. Hearing that, on account of the greatness of the royal power, the royal country was in a quiet and prosperous state, we arrived at the town of Rangoon, within the royal dominions; and having obtained leave of the governor of that town to come up and behold the golden face, we have ascended and reached the bottom of the golden feet. In the great country of America we sustain the character of teachers and explainers of the contents of the sacred Scriptures of our religion. And since it is contained in those Scriptures that, if we pass to other countries, and spread and propagate religion, great good will result; and both those who teach and those who receive the religion will be freed from future punishment, and enjoy, without decay or death, the eternal felicity of heaven,—that royal permission be given, that we, taking refuge in the royal power, may preach our religion in these dominions, and that those who are pleased with our preaching, and wish to listen to and be guided by it, whether foreigner or Burmans, may be exempt from government molestation, they present themselves to receive the favour of the excellent King, the sovereign of land and sea.’

“The emperor heard this petition, and stretched out his hand. Moung Zah was called forward, and presented it. His majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through. In the meantime I gave Moung Zah an abridged copy of a tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. After the emperor had perused the petition he handed it back without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of his grace. ‘Oh, have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king!’ But, alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the first two sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that beside him there is no God; and then, with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground. Moung Zah stepped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moung Yo made a slight attempt to save us by unfolding one of the volumes which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moung Zah interpreted his royal master’s wish, in the fol-

lowing terms: 'Why do you ask for such permission? Have not the Portuguese, the English, the Mussulmans, and people of all other religions, full liberty to practise and worship according to their own customs? In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them: take them away.'

"Something was now said about brother Colman's skill in medicine; upon which the emperor once more opened his mouth, and said, 'Let them proceed to the residence of my physician, the Portuguese priest; let him examine whether they can be useful to me in that line, and report accordingly.' He then rose from his seat, strided on to the end of the hall, and then, after having dashed to the ground the first intelligence that he had ever received of the eternal God, his Maker, his Preserver, his Judge, he threw himself down on a cushion, and lay listening to the music, and gazing at the parade spread out before him.

"As for us and our present, we were huddled up and hurried away, without much ceremony. We passed out of the palace gates with much more facility than we entered, and were conducted first to the house of Mya-day-men [a former and friendly viceroy of Rangoon]. There his officer reported our reception, but in as favourable terms as possible; and, as his highness was not apprised of our precise object, our repulse appeared probably to him not so decisive as we knew it to be. We were next conducted two miles through the heat of the sun and dust of the streets of Ava to the residence of the Portuguese priest. He very speedily ascertained that we were in possession of no wonderful secret that would secure the emperor from all disease, and make him live for ever; and we were accordingly allowed to take leave of the reverend inquisitor, and retreat to our boat."—Vol. i. p. 204.

Some further attempts were made to propitiate the Emperor, which he seems to have met with nothing harsher than good-humoured contempt. "What!" said he, laughing, "they have come presuming to convert us to their religion! Let them leave our capital. We have no desire to receive their instructions. Perhaps they may find some of their countrymen in Rangoon, who may be willing to listen to them."

The Church at Rangoon now, at the end of nearly seven years, numbered only three disciples. Judson returned to them with the apprehension that as soon as it was known that they had solicited the Emperor's countenance, and had been refused, they would be exposed to the malignity of every petty officer of the Government, and that the

converts would be shaken from their profession by the prospect of imprisonment and torture.

"We expected that after being destitute of all the means of grace for some time, and after seeing their teachers driven away from the presence of their monarch in disgrace, they would become cold in their affections, and have but little remaining zeal for a cause thus proscribed and exposed to persecution. We thought that if one out of the three remained firm, it was as much as we could reasonably hope for. But how delightfully were we disappointed ! They all appeared immovably the same ; yea, rather advanced in zeal and energy. They vied with each other in trying to explain away difficulties, and to convince us that the cause was not yet quite desperate. But whither are the teachers going, was of course an anxious inquiry. We told them that it was our intention never to desert Burmah ; but that, since the emperor had refused to tolerate our religion, we thought it necessary to leave for a time those parts of the empire which are immediately under his dominion ; that there is a tract of country lying between Bengal and Arracan which, though under the government of Bengal, is chiefly inhabited by Arracanese who speak a language similar to the Burman, the district being really part of Arracan, one component part of the present Burman empire ; that formerly a teacher from Bengal (De Bruyn) lived at Chittagong, the principal town in that district, and baptized several converts, who at his death were left destitute of all instruction to the present time ; and that in view of these considerations it was our purpose to proceed thither, in hope of finding that toleration which was denied us at Rangoon. We then asked them severally what they would do. Moung Nau had previously told us that he would follow us to any part of the world. He was only afraid that he should be a burden to us ; for, not being acquainted with another language, he might not be able to get his living in a strange land. 'As for me,' said Moung Thalah, 'I go where preaching is to be had.' Moung Bya was silent and thoughtful. At last he said that as no woman is allowed to leave the country, he could not on account of his wife follow the teachers. 'But,' continued he, with some pathos, 'if I must be left here alone, I shall remain performing the duties of Jesus Christ's religion ; no other shall I think of.' This interview with the disciples rejoiced our hearts, and caused us to praise God for the grace which he has manifested to them."

No immediate molestation being offered, at the earnest desire of the converts the missionaries remained at Rangoon ; and, before the close of the year, seven more were added to the Church, among whom was the first Burman

woman who had received Christianity. Some attempts were made to awaken the persecution of the Government, but the Viceroy was not insensible to the benefits which the people were deriving from the presence of the missionaries. When it was formally represented to him that the teachers were making every endeavour "to turn the priests' rice-pot bottom upwards," he made only the careless reply—"What consequence? Let the priests turn it back again." Extremely interesting details are given of Mr. Judson's conversation and arguments with the several classes of inquirers, of their gropings after truth, and of the various inlets by which feeling and conviction entered; but these are contained in the brief notes of a journal, so that individual character is not very livingly presented. Some were open to the simplest impressions; and some could be approached only through metaphysical subtleties. After an explanation, of the ordinary kind, of the creation and the fall, one of the hearers, Moung Long, inquired, with an air of meek humility, 'what a man was,' and his wife asked 'how sin could possibly enter into a pure mind.' This sceptical couple are said to have exercised their faculties upon one another in their domestic retirement, in discussions upon the nature of rice, whether it was matter or spirit; and whether there was any such thing as matter, or whether they were not both subject to a delusion of the senses. Meanwhile steady progress was made, and of eighteen native Burmans who had been baptized, the fruits of nine years' faith and perseverance, there were only two respecting the simplicity and purity of whose character and conversion any doubt could be entertained. All this time Mr. Judson was labouring assiduously at his great work of the translation of the Scriptures into Burmese, with a noble ambition to do his work perfectly, and to leave a legacy to Burmah worthy to endure for ever, and perpetuate the Word of God when he was dead. This he regarded as his special calling, the service he was appointed to render to the cause of the Gospel, and no impatience of his own or others, could tempt him into haste. Ten years' labour completed the translation of the New Testament, so far as to give him a form which increasing knowledge would enable him to bring nearer and nearer to perfection.

Not satisfied with his success at Rangoon, Mr. Judson longed to plant a church in the capital of the empire. There were now other missionaries at Rangoon, and he was always opposed to large stations. The propagation of the Gospel he thought was not promoted by ambitious establishments, but by individuals going forth among men, and dropping their words wherever they could find a hearing. He thought a missionary was abandoning his calling who turned from the natives to minister to the religious wants of European or American Christians. Unfortunately soon after his arrival in Ava, the first war broke out between Burmah and Great Britain, and suspicion attached to all foreigners who spoke the English language. The distinction between a British and an American subject was too nice to be observed. In examining the papers of an English agent it was found that Judson had received money through him to a considerable amount, and the Government, ignorant of the manner of conducting such matters by orders on Bengal, regarded this as sufficient evidence that the missionaries were spies in the pay of England. He was ordered to be arrested, and then commenced a course of wanton cruelty which lasted for one-and-twenty months. He was thrown upon the ground in the presence of Mrs. Judson, and bound with cords until they entered the flesh. In this condition all the white foreigners were cast into what was called the "death-prison," fastened to a pole, with three pairs of iron fetters each. But for the exertions of his noble wife he and they must have perished. No food was allowed but what she could procure, and the gaolers used their uncontrolled power of abusing their prisoners as a means of wringing money from her in bribes for a mitigation of their sufferings. Her applications on their behalf to persons in authority were incessant, conducted with the greatest address and courage in defiance of danger and insult, and it is refreshing to find, that many persons high in office were so touched by her self-sacrificing love, that they treated her with a reverential friendship, and did for her all they dared. During this horrible time, when she was hourly expecting the death of her husband, who was one of a hundred prisoners bound together in one room into which no air was admitted but

what came through the cracks in the boards under the burning sun of Ava, and compelled day after day to walk many miles backwards and forwards between her house and the prison, she was confined of a daughter with no one to help or comfort, and in the sufferings of that period, with both mother and child were sown the seeds of death. From Ava the prisoners were removed to a more wretched dungeon at a place some nine miles distant, called Oung-pen-la, and thither followed them the devoted wife with her infant daughter in her arms. For six months she lived in a little filthy room half full of grain, sleeping on a mat spread upon the paddy. Mr. Judson and the other prisoners had been stripped of all their clothes except their shirts and pantaloons, and bare-headed and bare-footed, tied two and two, had to walk over sand and gravel that were like burning coals. His feet were speedily blistered and raw, and he must have sunk had not a good man, a true Christian, whose name deserves to be held in remembrance, Captain Laird, suffered him to lean upon his shoulder as long as he was himself able to support the additional burden. The report was that the prisoners had been sent to Oung-pen-la for immediate execution, to be burned alive. The sufferings of Mrs. Judson were hardly less than those of her husband; in mental torture they must have been greater. Into the hideous details of these cruel sufferings we cannot enter, but the following extracts will be more than enough to indicate them.

"The keepers of the prison were all branded criminals; some wearing the name of their crime burnt into the flesh of their foreheads or breasts; others with a dark ring upon the cheek or about the eye; and others still with mutilated noses, blind of an eye, or with their ears quite cut away. They are called 'children of the prison,' and form a distinct class, intermarrying only among themselves, and so perpetuating vice, while they are shut, both by their sentence and by the horror with which they are regarded by all classes, without the pale of virtue. The cruelty, or rather vicious inclination which led to the perpetration of the first crime, is now deepened and rendered indelible by constant familiarity with every species of human torture, until these creatures seem *really* to be actuated by some demoniac spirit. The head gaoler, called by the prisoners, the tiger-cat, and branded in the breast *loo-that*, or *murderer*, was one of the most hideous and disgusting of his fraternity. He affected great jocularity, and was facetious even in the commis-

sion of his worst cruelties, bringing down his hammer with a jes when fastening manacles, putting his hateful arms affectionately around the prisoners, and calling them his beloved children, to get a better opportunity to prick or pinch them, and withal studying torture as the most comical of arts."—Vol. i. p. 302.

Nothing that we have ever read, or heard of, has given us such an impression of a fiendish nature, as the following revolting illustration of the connection between superstition and cruelty.

"After Mr. Judson had been about a month in the loathsome inner prison, he was attacked by a slow fever, which threatened to destroy his life. His guardian angel was, as ever, on the alert; but it was in vain that she intreated permission to rebuild his room in the prison-yard. About this time the poor prisoners were astonished by a most singular accession to their numbers. Something like a year previous to the commencement of the war, the king had received from some foreigner a present of a lion. The noble beast had been a particular favourite with him, and an object of great interest at court. But it was now whispered about, and with mysterious meaning in the whispers, that the English bore a lion upon their standards. The disgraceful defeat of Bandoola, and the utter inefficiency of the hardiest Burman troops before these charmed warriors, were matters of grave conference, and strange glances were cast towards the king's noble pet; but for a time no one dared to speak. The matter was first broached by the queen's brother, an ignorant, brutal fellow, who owed his elevation from the lot of a common fishmonger entirely to his clever, intriguing sister's power over the king. He was positive that the English had a demoniac ally in the palace, in the shape of this regal-looking beast, which had entirely won the heart of the king. The pakan-woon, a man of more sense, but, like all other Burmans, superstitious, seconded his opinions; and other counsellors, now that they durst speak, came in with floods of argument and testimony. The king repelled the idea of any connection between his favourite and the enemy as absurd in the extreme, but at last consented to the animal's being sent to the death-prison, though he expressly stipulated that it should not be slain without his order. The queen's brother, however, gave secret directions to the keepers not to furnish the animal with food; and so merciless was he well known to be in the execution of his vengeance, that they dared not disobey him, even to please the king. The cage, all newly ironed and barricaded, as though some unusual resistance was expected, was placed in the prison-yard, close against the principal building. And now commenced a new and fearful scene of misery. The unhappy prisoners

had seen *men* starved, and beaten, and smothered, and strangled to death, and then dragged by the feet from the door, and thrust like dogs into some shallow pit, or left for wild dogs to devour; and they thought they had gained a fearful familiarity with every species of wretchedness. But there was something almost supernatural in this new horror—a gradually starving lion! Day after day the noble beast writhed in the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and bruised and bleeding with his fearful struggles, while his roarings seemed to shake the prison to its foundations, and sent a thrill of indescribable terror to the hearts of the occupants. The gaoler said it was the British lion ineffectually struggling against the conquering Burmans; though even his facetious features were somewhat elongated by superstitious fears. Sometimes a compassionate woman would steal to the cage after dark, and thrust a morsel of food between the bars; but it was necessarily a trifle to the powerful beast, and served only to increase his ravings. At other times one of the keepers would throw pails of water over him, which would be greeted with almost human shrieks of pleasure, though it only served to lengthen for a little the terrible term of suffering. At last the scene was over. The skeleton of the poor beast was dragged from its cage, and buried with more care than many a poor human skeleton had been before.

“The next time Mrs. Judson came to the prison door, and her husband crawled to meet her—crawled with the upper part of his body, having his feet still attached to the moveless bamboo—he had a new plan to broach. He told her of the empty lion’s cage—what a comfortable retreat it might be made for him while the fever lasted, and begged her intercession with the governor; for he had entreated the comic gaoler in vain: the ‘cat’ refused to listen for a moment to such an insult to royalty. Mrs. Judson’s application was successful, and with feelings of deep gratitude to God for such a mercy, the sick man was removed from his loathsome quarters to the better accommodation of the lion’s cage.”—Vol. i. p. 312.

After six months at Oung-pen-la, Mr. Judson was released in order to be employed as a translator and interpreter by the Burmans in their negotiations with the English. He was entrusted with this office through necessity, for at the time he was so employed he was treated as a prisoner. At length the advance of the British army compelled the Emperor to yield upon such terms as the general, Sir Archibald Campbell, chose to dictate, and one of the conditions was that all foreigners were to be at liberty to leave the country. Mr. Judson afterwards declared that the most delicious thrill of joy he had ever

known, was when floating down the Irrawadi on a cool moonlight evening with his wife by his side, his baby in his arms, after twenty-one months of misery, free, and under the protection of England. He said he never regretted that long agony for the better appreciation of heaven it had given. At the British camp they were treated with distinguished kindness, nor can we conceive a sweeter bit of innocent revenge than must have been enjoyed by Mrs. Judson when at a grand dinner, given by Sir A. Campbell to the Burmese Commissioners, she saw some of those who had most grossly ill-treated her husband and herself, looking at her seated in the place of honour by the general's side, in an agony of terror that was almost comical.

" 'What is the matter with yonder owner of the pointed beard?' asked Sir Archibald, 'he seems to be seized with an ague fit.'

" 'I do not know,' answered Mrs. Judson, fixing her eyes on the trembler, with perhaps a mischievous enjoyment of his anxiety, 'unless his memory may be too busy with him. He is an old acquaintance of mine, and may probably infer danger to himself from seeing me under your protection.'

" She then proceeded to relate how, when her husband was suffering from fever, in the stifled air of the inner prison, with five pairs of fetters about his ankles, she had walked several miles to this man's house to ask a favour. She had left home early in the morning, but was kept waiting so long that it was noon-day before she proffered her request, and received a rough refusal. She was turning sorrowfully away, when his attention was attracted by the silk umbrella she carried in her hand, and he instantly seized upon it. It was in vain that she represented the danger of her walking home without it; told him she had brought no money, and could not buy anything to shelter her from the sun; and begged that if he took that, he would, at least, furnish her with a paper one to protect her from the scorching heat. He laughed, and turning the very suffering that had wasted her into a jest, told her it was only stout people who were in danger of a sun-stroke—the sun could not find such as she; and so turned her from the door.

" Expressions of indignation burst from the lips of the listening officers; and, try to restrain them as they would, indignant glances did somewhat detract from that high tone of courtesy which it is an Englishman's, and especially an English officer's, pride to preserve in all matters of hospitality. The poor Burman, conscience-taught, seemed to understand everything that was passing, and his features

were distorted with fear ; while his face, from which the perspiration oozed painfully, appeared through his tawny skin of a deathly paleness. It was not in a woman's heart to do other than pity him ; and Mrs. Judson remarked softly in Burmese that he had nothing to fear, and then repeated the remark to Sir Archibald. The conversation immediately became general, and every means was taken to reassure the timorous guests ; but with little success. There sat the lady, whom all but one of them had personally treated with indignity, at the right hand of power, and her husband, just released from his chains, close beyond ; and they doubtless felt conscious that if they and their lady-wives were in such a position, they would ask the heads of their enemies, and the request would be granted.

" 'I never thought I was over and above vindictive,' remarked Mr. Judson, when he told the story ; 'but really it was one of the richest scenes I ever beheld.' "

Mr. Judson's self-sacrificing zeal induced him to revisit Ava almost immediately, at the earnest desire of Mr. Crawford, the Commissioner of the Governor-General of India, to whom was entrusted the negotiation of a commercial treaty between the Burman and English Governments. His natural revulsion from a place associated with such recent sufferings and horrors was at once overcome by a promise from Mr. Crawford, to use his utmost efforts to procure the insertion of an article in the treaty guaranteeing religious liberty to all the subjects of the Emperor. This hope was disappointed, and at Ava there reached him a deeper grief than he had ever witnessed before, in the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Judson, who died suddenly at Amherst, after a short illness, of the fever of the country. The Mission which the war had broken up at Rangoon, scattering the converts far and wide, had been transferred to Amherst at the mouth of the Salwen, in the ceded Tenasserim provinces, and afterwards to Maulmain, higher up the river, which Sir A. Campbell had made his head-quarters, a measure which led to the decline of Amherst. The affliction of Mrs. Judson's loss wrought fearfully on a mind so strained and worn, and it is clear, though his practical energies and wisdom in relation to the affairs of the mission never failed, that whenever his thoughts turned inwards they hurried him to the very brink of insanity. He withdrew for a time from all social intercourse ; he read only books

of ascetic devotion ; he had a hut built far away in the jungle, not safe, it was said, from tigers, where he pursued the work of translation in absolute solitude ; and there he had a grave dug, by which he sat, morbidly striving to overcome a horror of dissolution which preyed upon him, by forcing his imagination to dwell upon the gradual corruption of the body, and try to conceive the appearance of each limb mouldering and rotting in silent ghastliness. But this diseased condition did not extinguish his sympathies, or draw him away from any duty or work, and no doubt it was the life of his affections and his conscience that saved his reason, and restored him after a season to his habitual cheerfulness of faith. It was at this time that he made a gift to the funds of the Mission of five thousand rupees which he had earned from the British Government by the assistance he had given their Commissioner at Ava, but this munificence was not the impulse of excitement, the accident of a strained moment ; it was no solitary act, but in simple conformity with his whole rule of life, that a missionary was devoted to his work till death, and must have no interest apart from those of his mission—a principle which he again and again exemplified by voluntarily resigning portions of the support which was accorded to him by the Association at home. And not this only ;—when he found himself without wife or child, for the poor infant that had been born and starved at Ava was soon laid in its mother's grave, little thinking that these ties and cares were ever to revive for him again, he gave over to the Mission the whole of his private fortune, amounting to twelve thousand rupees. "I beg leave," he says, "to present it to the Board or rather to Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood." Nor, though twice married afterwards, and charged with the care of many children, do we ever hear one word again of these acts of voluntary impoverishment.—Burmah Proper was now left without a missionary ; Rangoon, where in some ten years eighteen native Burmans had been converted and baptized, was now invested by the Peguans, who took advantage of Burmah's humiliation to strike for their ancient liberties, and the Mission-house and all its institutions seemed swept away for ever. Amherst and Maulmain indeed belonged to a district that had only

changed masters, and remained for all missionary purposes the same country, inhabited by a people to whom the Burman language afforded the only access. The removal of persecution under the British Government greatly facilitated conversion, and the Karens, a kind of wandering gipsy tribe of wild people living in the jungle, filthy and indolent to the last degree, but simple, affectionate, gentle and impressible, exhibited an extraordinary willingness to receive the religious instructions of teachers whom they only knew as benefactors. The oppression of their Burmese rulers had effectually preserved them from the Buddhism with which in their minds it was associated. The missionaries, it is said, first reduced their language to a written form, and by this means introduced the elements of civilisation among a savage people, and planted Churches all along the forests and rocky wildernesses that encircled Burmah from the Arracan to the Tenasserim boundaries. But this prosperous work only made Mr. Judson withdraw his eyes from the spot where the prospect was so bright, and fix longing looks upon that closed dark land where a good work had been so well begun and now had perished. There were now labourers enough in the new settlements, at Amherst and Maulmain, Tavoy and Mergui, more indeed than Mr. Judson thought was quite consistent with missionary hardship and self-denial, and his heart pined to do something for those whom none else cared to seek. He again exposed himself to the hateful cruelties of the Burman Government at Rangoon and Prome, and retired only when to remain would have been the useless sacrifice of life. Our reverence for this good man is not disturbed by the deep sorrow with which we learn that, when compelled to abandon Prome he looked upon the city, not like our Lord upon Jerusalem as doomed to temporal but to eternal destruction;—and had no more evangelical thought to sustain his spirit than that “many would find their everlasting chains more tight and intolerable on account of the very warnings and entreaties they had received from his lips.”

On his return to Maulmain, Mr. Judson devoted himself to the completion of the translation of the Scriptures, relieved by a labour which he pursued with peculiar delight, missionary expeditions into the Karen jungles. On

the tenth of April, 1834, he was again married, to Mrs. Boardman, the widow of a distinguished missionary, eight years after the death of his first wife. At the end of the twenty-fifth year of his mission he writes to his sister : "God has given me the privilege and happiness of witnessing and contributing a little, I trust, to the conversion of the first Burmese convert, the first Peguan, the first Karen, and the first Toung-thoo [a people of the same class with the Karens]. Three of them I baptized. The Karen was approved for baptism ; but just then brother Boardman removing to Tavoy, I sent the Karen with him, and he was baptized there. There are now above a thousand converts from heathenism formed into various churches throughout the country. And I trust that the good work will go on until every vestige of idolatry shall be effaced, and millennial glory shall bless the whole land. The thirteenth day of this month finished a quarter of a century that I have spent in Burmah ; and on the eighth of next month, if I live, I shall complete the fiftieth year of my life." Two years afterwards, in 1840, he saw completed one great object of his life, his revised translation of the whole Bible. On this great work Dr. Wayland makes the following remarks :—

"From the incidental allusions to it in Dr. Judson's letters and journals, we may form some conception of the labour which he spent upon this work. He had enjoyed the best opportunities which this country then afforded for the study of interpretation, and his progress in this department of knowledge had awakened the highest expectations of his future success as a translator. He had made himself familiar with the Burmese language to a degree never before attained by a foreigner. He determined, if it were possible, to transfer the ideas of the Holy Scriptures, from their original languages into Burman, in such a manner that his work should need as little revision as possible by his successors. He had an intense desire for rendering perfect every labour which he undertook ; indeed, he said of himself, that one of his failings was 'a lust for finishing.' Hence he availed himself of all the means of information which the progress of Biblical science, either in Germany or America, placed within his reach. As early as the visit of Mrs. Ann Judson to this country, his demand for books was large, and it was all for the very best, the foundation books. I well remember the pleasure with which I stripped my library of what I considered some of its choicest treasures, to supply a part

of his most urgent necessities. Thus he continued until he had surrounded himself with a most valuable apparatus for carrying on his work in the manner which its importance deserved.

"While, however, he thus sought for aid from all the sources of modern and ancient learning, it is manifest, from the whole of his correspondence, that he used them all with the discretion of a master mind. It was not in his power to substitute the working of other intellects for the working of his own. He weighed with critical caution every recension of the text. He adopted no interpretation unless either convinced of its truth, or else sure that it was the nearest approximation to the truth that could be made in the present state of our knowledge. In order to reach this result no labour was too great, and no investigation too protracted. United with all this that was intellectual, there was, in his case, a mind deeply impressed with its own fallibility, and turning with unutterable longings to the Holy Spirit for guidance and illumination. The importance of his work to millions of immortal souls was ever present to his view. He had been called by the providence of God to unfold to a whole nation, in their own language, the revelation of the Most High. He conceived it to be a momentous undertaking; and a heavy weight would have rested upon his soul if a single idea in the Scriptures had been rendered obscurely in consequence of haste, impatience, negligence, or culpable ignorance on the part of the translator. But, after he had satisfied himself as to the meaning of the original, a most difficult labour yet remained to be accomplished. It must be now transferred into a language peculiar and strongly idiomatic; and moreover, a language destitute of terms in which to express the elementary and peculiar ideas of the New Testament. To furnish himself in this respect was the daily labour of his life. He read Burmese prose and poetry wherever he could find it. He was always surrounded by Burmese assistants and transcribers. The result of this able and indefatigable labour was such as might have been expected. Competent judges affirm that Dr. Judson's translation of the Scriptures is the most perfect work of the kind that has yet appeared in India. On this subject it will not be inappropriate to introduce a few sentences from the pen of a gentleman high in rank in India, himself a distinguished linguist, and a proficient in the Burmese language:—'To Judson it was granted, not only to found the spiritual Burman Church of Christ, but also to give it the entire Bible in its own vernacular, thus securing that Church's endurance and ultimate extension; the instances being few or none of that Word, after it has once struck root in any tongue, being ever wholly suppressed. Divine and human nature alike forbid such a result; for when once it has become incorporated in a living tongue, holiness and love join hands with sin and weakness,

to perpetuate that Word's life and dominion. We honour Wickliffe and Luther for their labours in their respective mother tongues ; but, what meed of praise is due to Judson for a translation of the Bible, *perfect as a literary work*, in a language so foreign to him as the Burmese ?—The best judges pronounce it to be all that he aimed at making it, and also, what with him never was an object, an imperishable monument of the man's genius. We may venture to hazard the opinion, that, as Luther's Bible is now in the hands of Protestant Germany, so, three centuries hence, Judson's Bible will be the Bible of the Christian churches of Burmah."—Vol. ii. p. 138.

Scarcely was this great work out of his hands, when the Board pressed upon him the importance of compiling a Dictionary of the Burmese language. It was with sore mortification that he again turned away from the proper business of a missionary, a living intercourse with men's souls, to pore over manuscripts and proof-sheets, and imprison his nature in all the weary drudgery of dictionary making. Pulmonary disease, however, attended with loss of voice, reconciled him to the only labour by which he could still serve the cause to which his life was consecrated; and from this time, as happens in all cases of earnest devotion to a task, the dictionary assumed its true importance in his eyes, and after the establishment of a Church, and the translation of the Scriptures, became the third grand object of his existence. The declining health of Mrs. Judson, as well as his own, obliged him to take a voyage to America, but even this did not suspend his labour. He took with him two assistants, and all appliances, by which he was enabled to prosecute his task either on shipboard or in the States. At St. Helena his second wife, after showing some signs of recovery, rapidly sunk and died. As a wife, she had been to him all that woman could be, and as a missionary she had exhibited a rare combination of the gifts of head and heart. Some lines, which she wrote in the Isle of France, when she thought that she was strong enough to proceed to America alone, leaving her husband to solitary toil in Burmah, give a most pleasing impression both of her genius and her goodness.

- "We part on this green islet, love,
Thou for the eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
Oh, when to meet again ?
- "My heart is sad for thee, love,
For lone thy way will be ;
And oft thy tears will fall, love,
For thy children and for me.
- "The music of thy daughter's voice
Thou 'lt miss for many a year,
And the merry shout of thy elder boys
Thou 'lt list in vain to hear.
- "When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last faint moan,
Each wiped the tear from other's eye :
Now each must weep alone.
- "My tears fall fast for thee, love ;
How can I say, Farewell !
But go ; thy God be with thee, love,
Thy heart's deep grief to quell.
- "Yet my spirit clings to thine, love ;
Thy soul remains with me,
And oft will hold communion sweet
O'er the dark and distant sea.
- "And who can paint our mutual joy,
When, all our wand'rings o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three
At home, on Burmah's shore !
- "But higher shall our raptures glow,
On yon celestial plain,
When the loved and parted here below
Meet, ne'er to part again.
- "Then gird thine armour on, love,
Nor faint thou by the way,
Till Boodh shall fall, and Burmah's sons
Shall own Messiah's away."

We confess that we shrink from narrating, that nine months after the death of this admirable woman he married a third wife, and, strange to say, one who seems to have been in every way worthy to be of the sisterhood of

her predecessors. Mr. Judson had more than his share of what is excellent in woman ; and though no man better deserved, or more required, the supports of sympathy, we cannot admire him for taking it so easily. At the same time it should be recorded that he never forgot the past, and that his wives in succession were devoted to the memory and the virtues of their predecessors. We know nothing parallel to it but in the case of Niebuhr, of whom it is recorded that when his second wife was in the pains of childbirth he and she were engaged together in invoking the sustaining remembrance of the first. In this relation we quote the following remarks of Dr. Wayland, who evidently feels that some defence is needed on this delicate ground.

"A lady exceedingly well qualified to form an opinion on this subject, both from her intimate knowledge of Dr. Judson and her familiarity with the best society in India, remarks respecting his domestic character as follows : 'I have seen something of married life, and I never saw a husband so *entirely* devoted to a wife as dear Judson. I speak from personal acquaintance. Many are loving enough in their way, who would not sacrifice an hour's ease to relieve a wife of care, or attend her in sickness. Judson would allow nobody but himself to relieve his wife in any way, and I have felt hurt at his refusing my aid, as it looked as though he thought me unequal to the duties.'

"There was a feature in Dr. Judson's affection as a husband, which was, I think, peculiar. He was, as it is well known, married three times, and no man was ever more tenderly attached to each of his wives. The present affection, however, seemed in no respect to lessen his affection for those for whom he mourned. He ever spoke of those who had gone before with undiminished interest. In one of his letters to his daughter, after saying that he did not believe there existed on earth so happy a family as his, he soon after adds, 'My tears fall frequently for her who lies in her lone bed in St. Helena.' It was at his suggestion that Mrs. Emily Judson (the third wife) wrote the life of her predecessor. He frequently refers with delight to the time when he, and all those whom he so much loved, shall meet in paradise, no more to part, but to spend an eternity together in the presence of Christ. Those that were once loved were loved to the end ; but this did not prevent the bestowment of an equal amount of affection on a successor.

"In a letter to Mrs. E. Judson he writes as follows : "Heaven will be brighter to me for thy presence. Thou wilt be with Ann

and Sarah. We shall join in the same song of love and praise; and how happy shall we be in beholding each other's faces glow with heavenly rapture, as we drink in the life-giving, joy-inspiring smiles of Him whom we shall all love above all!"—Vol. ii. p. 329.

On Mr. Judson's return to his country in 1845, after thirty-three years' absence, the honours with which he was received took him by surprise, and gave him no pleasure. He was a man of unaffected simplicity and modesty, living too earnestly with God, and therefore too much alive to his deficiencies, to receive any delight from the praises of men. His spirit seems really to have been more at home, more at ease, amid the persecutions of Ava, than amid the flatteries of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, and to have turned gladly to Burmah as to a loved refuge from strange, unnatural ways. There is a charming anecdote of his refusal to gratify vulgar curiosity by a display of himself. A congregation before which he preached during his visit to America were much disappointed because he preached like any other man, and told them no wonderful stories about Burmah and Mr. Judson.

"Why, what did they want?" he inquired; "I presented the most interesting subject in the world, to the best of my ability."

"But they wanted something different—a story."

"Well, I am sure I gave them a story; the most thrilling one that can be conceived of."

"But they had heard it before. They wanted something new of a man who had just come from the Antipodes."

"Then I am glad they have it to say, that a man coming from the Antipodes had nothing better to tell them than the wondrous story of Jesus' dying love. My business is to preach the Gospel of Christ, and when I can speak at all, I dare not trifle with my commission. When I looked upon those people to-day, and remembered where I should next meet them, how could I stand up and furnish food to vain curiosity—tickle their fancies with amusing stories, however decently strung together on a thread of religion? That is not what Christ meant by preaching the Gospel. And then, how could I hereafter meet the fearful charge, 'I gave you one opportunity to tell them of me—you spent it in describing your own adventures.'"—Vol. ii. p. 307.

In 1846 Mr. Judson returned to Burmah, and after four years of incessant labours, during which he made again some perilous but vain attempts to penetrate into Bur-

mah Proper, he fell under the fever which gradually terminated his life. As a last resource, the effects of a voyage to the Isle of France were tried. He died on the passage, on the 12th of April 1850, and was buried in the ocean. The Apostle of Burmah had fought a good fight and had finished his course. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—As the fruit of the work begun by him at Rangoon in 1813, the American Baptist Missionary Union report that in 1853 there are in Burmah thirty Missionaries with as many assistants, 129 native preachers and assistants, 110 churches, 534 baptized converts, and 8017 persons attending their worship and connected with their institutions.

It is not our intention to enter upon the peculiar topics of the second work which we have placed at the head of this article, Lieutenant Laurie's narrative of the naval and military operations at Rangoon in the second war, in 1852, between Burmah and Great Britain. We refer to it at all, chiefly for the sake of noting some of the undesigned results of British dominion, or domination, in the East. The East India Company banished Mr. Judson from its territories. British invasion caused him the dreadful sufferings of Oung-pen-la, banished him from Ava, and broke up the mission of Rangoon. After his death it would seem that his devoted wife returned to the scene of his first missionary love, knowing how his heart rested there, and sighed for a Christian Church upon that spot. And here again are the results of English aims and arms interfering with his hopes and projects, after death as in life, in the only two notices that the book contains of missionary objects. On the 6th of January, 1852, Rangoon is placed under blockade. Some of the foreigners fled to the British ships:—

"Mr. Kincaid, the American Missionary, left his library, consisting of more than a thousand volumes, the collection of twenty years, behind him to be destroyed, too happy, however, to find his wife and children safe under the British flag."—p. 27.

Some of them were exposed to the horrors of a Burman prison:—

"When the troops were fairly landed, several of the

unhappy prisoners were released. The reason of four of them had given way. Major Sale, afterwards the hero of Jellalabad, found Mrs. Judson, of missionary celebrity, tied to a tree, and immediately released her."—p. 99.

Why is it that liberal Christianity originates no foreign Missions? Why is it that the Unitarians feel no call to send the Gospel to the Heathen? Is it, that the same coarse appeal to their physical compassion, the cry of a people "sinking into hell," which Mr. Judson says he was constantly hearing, cannot be borne into the hearts of those who believe in the universal love of the Universal Father, and see the Grace of God in the face of Christ? That consideration affects only the motives of action, and the more spiritual Church should act from the more spiritual motive. What other churches do from terror or from pity, spiritual churches should do from pure love for man, and pure zeal for the glory of God. What others do to snatch men from Hell, they should do to impart to them more and more of Heaven.—Or is it that they deem that Christianity is the fruit of civilisation, and that it is casting pearls before swine to carry it to savages? That consideration comports neither with Apostolical example, nor with historical fact, nor with daily missionary experience. St. Paul preached in Lycaonia as in Athens; Christianity, perhaps, was never vitally received by a nation until the Goths embraced it; and uncivilised tribes give it their affections freely, and find it like heaven in their souls.—Is it, that they fear to confuse the heathen, by exhibiting the preachers of a Revealed Religion in conflict about what is revealed, the orthodox consigning to hell heretic and heathen alike? That consideration should make them anxious that the love of God, the Gospel of the universal Saviour, should be proclaimed in its simplicity, lest the narrow missionary should receive the answer once given by a right-feeling heathen: "I would rather be in hell with my ancestors than in heaven with you."—Is it, that liberal Christians are practical men, and turn their thoughts to the unsupplied wants at home? That consideration cannot honestly be urged by those who do not supply the wants at home; and moreover it does not meet the case, nor turn aside the accusation:—"These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the others

undone." What the real causes may be that the conscience of the Unitarian Church is not touched by the duty of preaching the Gospel to all nations, we will not undertake to say,—but this we know, that a contracted sphere of duties implies a languid centre;—narrow sympathies, a cold unenterprising heart;—and that a Church that has not faith enough to set its heart and stake its fortunes on great deeds of love, will never provide a Religion for human nature,—that it will never be acknowledged by any large number of men as their nursing mother, their guide to God and highest encourager upon earth of the endeavours which God's spirit prompts,—and that when it has served its temporary purpose in the providence of God it must pass away, and yield its place to some nobler representative of Christ. Any Church must perish, and deserves to perish, that does not occupy the hearts of its disciples with great projects, that does not appeal to Faith, nor ask for the sacrifices of Love. It dies because it does not ennoble men's lives, nor employ their energies, nor feed the hunger and thirst of their souls.